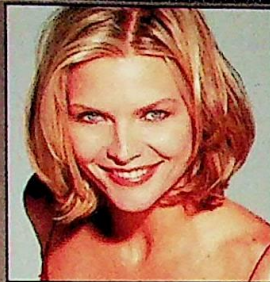




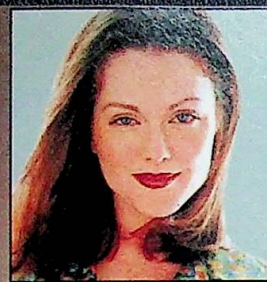
Jodie Foster



Michelle Pfeiffer



Meryl Streep



Julianne Moore



Angela Bassett

Entertainment Weekly

#460 • Nov. 27, 1998



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& Susan
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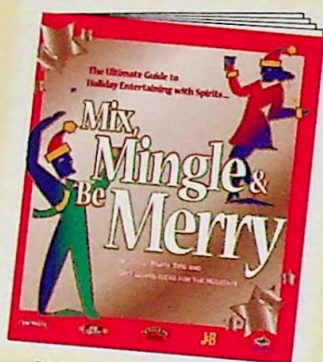


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ON THE COVER

Julia Roberts and Susan Sarandon photographed for EW by Matthew Rolston on Oct. 1, 1998, in New York City

EW ON CNN

Watch *NewsStand: CNN & Entertainment Weekly* every Thursday night at 10 p.m. (ET)

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28 The EW List Hollywood's 23 other leading ladies—from Jodie Foster and Michelle Pfeiffer to Joan Cusack and Sharon Stone (yes, Sharon Stone)—who have a way with screenwriters' words. **PLUS:** Their bigger-than-ever paychecks; their leading-man wish lists; and a pack of up-and-coming women to watch.

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MAIL

There was nothing ironic about reader reaction to our Alanis Morissette story (#457, Nov. 6). The responses ranged from the ecstatic ("With Alanis on the cover and an excellent review of her new disc in the pages to follow, this could be your best issue yet," says Ryan O'Mara of Traverse City, Mich.) to the inquisitive ("Is it me, or did anyone else think that the Alanis Morissette cover shot looked like Michael Jackson?" asks Toronto's Erik Forrester). As for our 15th-anniversary look back at *The Big Chill*, we heard through the grapevine from Donna Kuhn of Nesbit, Miss., who is begging director Lawrence Kasdan for more: "At the risk of being attacked for suggesting a sequel in this sequel-dominated world...at least think about it, okay?"

The Naked Truth

I WAS THRILLED TO DEATH to see Alanis Morissette on the cover of EW; however, I was disappointed in your assertion that Alanis could be a one-hit-album wonder, and I think EW also owes Alanis an apology for even mentioning Peter Frampton in the same article with her.

CHRISTOPHER HALVERSON
movie@concentric.net
Fanwood, N.J.

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT Alanis Morissette gets some recognition! Love isn't about pretty flowers or sunsets. It hurts a lot of the time and she isn't afraid of singing about it. With all of the sappy love songs and happy albums out there, it's re-

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freshing to know that Alanis is in touch with the real world.

RYAN TALASKA
rtalaska@yahoo.com
Ypsilanti, Mich.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR cover story on Alanis Morissette. I believe her new video says all that is left to be said from Alanis; she has bared her soul and her body with this latest effort and now has nothing left to hide or reveal.

KEVIN BAKER
roaddawg@zoomnet.net
Jackson, Ohio

WITH ALL THE DEBATE about the divine nature of Alanis Morissette in this issue, the art historian in me couldn't help but notice the similarity between your cover photo of the singer and the goddess Venus in Sandro Botticelli's late-15th-century painting *The Birth of Venus*. Could it be...ironic?

AMY MCGREW
amcgrew@home.com
Larkspur, Calif.

Chilling Out

I GOT A BIG CHILL FROM reading your *Chill* reunion article. But I'm red-hot over the fact that no one mentioned the real inspiration for the film, John Sayles' *Return of the Secaucus Seven*. I'm very

disappointed that Sayles' independent directing debut wasn't even noted.

CHRISTOPHER J. JARMICK
Seattle

Life Is Disagreeing

YOU SEVERELY CRITICIZE *Life Is Beautiful* (Movies) for "vacuum[ing]" the meaning out of the Holocaust. In contrast, I thought the film's central message was not about the horrors of the Holocaust, but about the triumph of the human spirit and how much a father will risk for his son's survival. I lost much of my family in the Holocaust, and I do not doubt that there has been enough publicity about its horrors. True, the movie does not portray this catastrophic event realistically, but this is not a documentary. It is a hilarious, inspiring film that had the audience engaged from beginning to end.

BONNIE GRZESH
Toronto

YOUR REVIEW OF ROBERTO Benigni's *Life Is Beautiful* missed the point. The film did not take meaning out of the Holocaust by having scenes that were enjoyable. The film was about the power of imagination and love and does not show the pain of the prison camp for a reason. As viewers

we are already aware of the horrors of camps like Auschwitz. To add brutality to this film would have confused the point. This film gives a face to the atrocity. It impacts the viewer in a way that three hours of *Schindler's List* does not. *Life Is Beautiful* is one of the most amazing films in recent years. It is a new window into the horror of the Holocaust. It fits in with what Benigni said 12 years earlier in the Jim Jarmusch film *Down by Law*: "It is a sad and beautiful world."

KEITH CORSON
kmc@nevada.edu
Las Vegas

The Saigon Six

I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT AN omission in your latest Broadway theater box office report: *Miss Saigon* grossed \$524,912 for the week ending Oct. 18, which ranked it No. 6 between *Chicago* and *Titanic*. As someone who still feels great affection for this particular show, I thought I'd let you know.

LEA SALONGA
New York

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Meryl, Jodie, or Glenn? Vote for the greatest actresses of the '90s.

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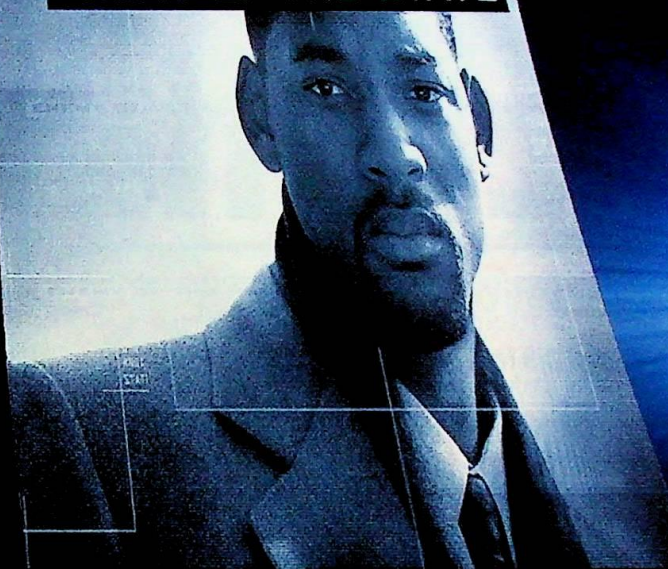
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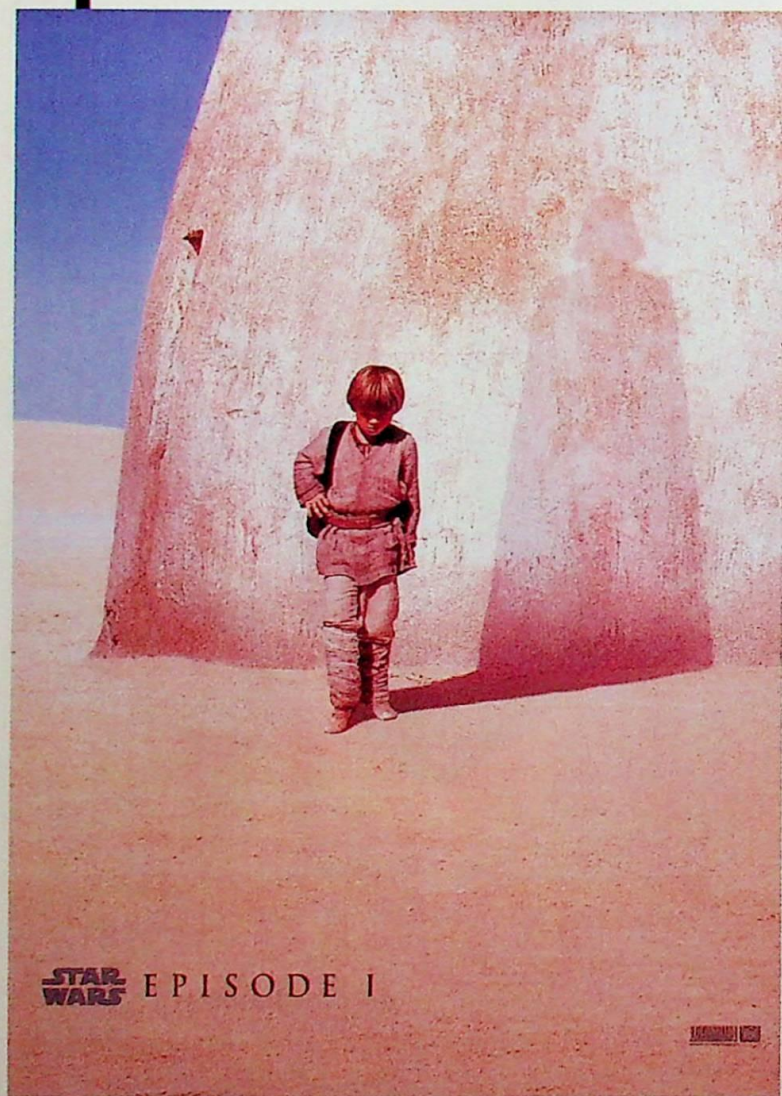


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STAR WARS EPISODE I

A Star Is REBORN

Fans finally get a sneak peek at the most anticipated movie in history.
by Daniel Fierman and Jeff Jensen

thusiasm. "Amazing!" gushed one filmgoer in his late 20s. "Godlike! The Bible has nothing on this." Summed up 26-year-old Chris Bergoch of New York City: "I was blown away."

Rabid **Brad Pitt** fans? Not quite. On Nov. 17, Twentieth Century Fox and Lucasfilm premiered the trailer for *Star Wars: Episode One—The Phantom Menace* (due May 21) on 302 selected screens in 73 cities across the country. The carefully orchestrated one-day publicity stunt—which, announced on the Lucasfilm Web page only four days earlier, came as something of a surprise—quickly developed into a major film-industry event. Die-

hard fans nationwide lined up to get into theaters showing the trailer. TV news crews and print reporters descended on local movie houses eager to document the cinemat-

ic feeding frenzy. And exhibitors reported increased overall business as a result of Wars-hungry crowds. "You've heard of appointment TV?" asks Terry Press, head of marketing for DreamWorks. "I think this is probably the first case of an appointment trailer."

All this for a two-minute teaser? Sure, if those two minutes represent the first original footage from a new *Star Wars* film in more than 15 years (actually, 5,655 days,



THE CROWD WASN'T TYPICAL FOR A MID-week movie matinee. The patrons emerging from the 10 a.m. Tuesday showing of *Meet Joe Black* at the Union Square Theatre complex in Manhattan were a mostly male mix of the young, the unemployed, and the AWOL from work. To a person, however, they were unabashed in their en-

HIS GOOD OLD DAYS Jake Lloyd as Anakin Skywalker (a.k.a. Darth Vader) in the poster for *Star Wars: Episode One—The Phantom Menace*

review

Two-Minute Thrill

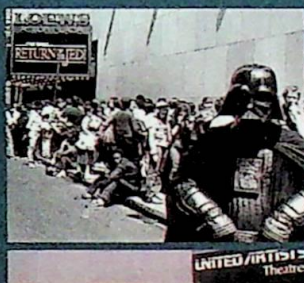
IN JULY 1977, my local movie theater on Long Island—one big pockmarked screen, no cappuccino maker, no bottled water—used *Star Wars* as the excuse to jack up admission 50 cents to \$4. Being 16 and broke, I paid it reluctantly, thinking “No movie’s worth *that*.” Two hours later, I got back in line and paid again, giddy with a feeling of discovery.

On Nov. 17, 1998, I coughed up \$9 to sit through the tantalizingly hyper-speedy trailer for *Star Wars: Episode One—The Phantom Menace*,

no actress yet cast as Scarlett O’Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, exploited a palpable mass curiosity more shrewdly and satisfyingly than Lucas has here.

The images seem at once familiar and exotic, intriguing to geeky fans and newcomers alike. The verisimilitude of the creatures and automatons, from mosquito-winged bipeds to hordes of robotic soldiers snapping into formation, instantly surpass any computer-generated visions heretofore dreamed up by Lucasfilm’s Industrial Light & Magic shop. The vanity-shot glimpses of the stars—Liam Neeson in Jedi getup, Ewan McGregor as the young Obi-Wan Kenobi—have just the mythic heft they need too.

There’s no point cataloging it all here, since that’s what every *Wars*



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came to fruition,” he says.

For its part, Fox knew it had the Force on its side. The question was, How and when to debut it? Originally, Fox and Lucasfilm had agreed to release the trailer nationally on Friday, Nov. 20, attaching it to a wide range of films—most notably the high-profile premiere of the **Will Smith–Gene Hackman** thriller *Ene-*



HEWITT AND BRANDY

after the events of *I Know What You Did Last Summer*, shouldn’t it be called *I Still Know What You Did Two Summers Ago*?

A: “There’s one very simple answer,” responds *Summer* producer Neal H. Moritz. “I couldn’t have fit that on the marquee.” Well, then how about the equally concise, but more correct, *I Still Know What You Did That Summer*? “You know what? We just wanted to change one word,” says Moritz, who admits he was always aware of the titular inaccuracy. “I didn’t want *I Know What You Did Last Summer Part 2*. I didn’t want *I Still Know What You Did That Summer Two Summers Ago*. This was just kind of short and sweet.” Then how about this for the next sequel: *That Summer Thing? Still Knowing It*. —Dave Karger

around for the feature presentations were treated to a bonus: The *Phantom* trailer was shown again after the main event. “This was a way they could see it twice without having to pay again,” says Sherak. (Or, as some would point out, a way to keep fans from walking out of theaters after just the previews.)

By most accounts, the stunt was a success. For one thing, the sneak created positive buzz for the nationwide rollout of the trailer—a phenomenon even rival studios could love, since movie attendance over the weekend is likely to be increased across the board. Says Universal’s president of marketing, Marc Shmuger, “We’ll take all the help we can get.” (Or as one Disney exec puts it, “Thank you, Twentieth Century Fox!”) Good word of mouth can also go a long way for *Wars* merchandise in the upcoming holiday buying season. “It’s good for Lucasfilm’s licensees,” says one studio marketing exec. “If there’s buzz, it’s likely buyers will aggressively order merchandise.”

So now that the trailer’s a hit, there’s just the little matter of an actual movie... ■
(Additional reporting by Scott Brown)

on

You Did Last Summer, starring dy, actually takes place a year

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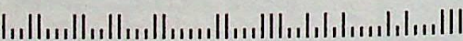
Entertainment

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STAR WARS EPISODE I

THE CROWD at the week movie matinees in the 10 cities across the country. The carefully orchestrated one-day publicity stunt—which, announced on the Lucasfilm Web page only four days earlier, came as something of a surprise—quickly developed into a major film-industry event. Die-

HIS GOOD OLD DAYS Jake Lloyd as Anakin Skywalker (a.k.a. Darth Vader) in the poster for *Star Wars: Episode One—The Phantom Menace*



73 cities across the country. The carefully orchestrated one-day publicity stunt—which, announced on the Lucasfilm Web page only four days earlier, came as something of a surprise—quickly developed into a major film-industry event. Die-

WILD
WATCH

of marketing for DreamWorks. "I think this is probably the first case of an appointment trailer."

All this for a two-minute teaser? Sure, if those two minutes represent the first original footage from a new *Star Wars* film in more than 15 years (actually, 5,655 days,

review

Two-Minute Thrill

IN JULY 1977, my local movie theater on Long Island—one big pockmarked screen, no cappuccino maker, no bottled water—used *Star Wars* as the excuse to jack up admission 50 cents to \$4. Being 16 and broke, I paid it reluctantly, thinking “No movie’s worth that.” Two hours later, I got back in line and paid again, giddy with a feeling of discovery.

On Nov. 17, 1998, I coughed up \$9 to sit through the tantalizingly hyper-speedy trailer for *Star Wars: Episode One—The Phantom Menace*, stuck on the head of the slower-than-molasses *Meet Joe Black*. The movie stank; the trailer didn’t. I felt electrified, just as I did 21 years ago.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, behold George Lucas’ miniature jewel of showmanship. Not even David O. Selznick, restaging the burning of Atlanta in 1939 with

no actress yet cast as Scarlett O’Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, exploited a palpable mass curiosity more shrewdly and satisfyingly than Lucas has here.

The images seem at once familiar and exotic, intriguing to geeky fans and newcomers alike. The verisimilitude of the creatures and automatons, from mosquito-winged bipeds to hordes of robotic soldiers snapping into formation, instantly surpass any computer-generated visions heretofore dreamed up by Lucasfilm’s Industrial Light & Magic shop. The vanity-shot glimpses of the stars—Liam Neeson in Jedi getup, Ewan McGregor as the young Obi-Wan Kenobi—have just the mythic heft they need too.

There’s no point cataloging it all here, since that’s what every *Wars* fan will be doing on the Internet from now until the movie’s debut in May. Suffice it to say that this was more than a trailer for me. It was a bona fide travel brochure from another world. I’m back in touch with my inner Luke Skywalker and devoutly awaiting another jump to hyperspace. **A** —Steve Daly



IN FORCE Lines for *Jedi* in '83 (top) and for the new trailer

going back to the 1983 premiere of *Return of the Jedi*—but who’s counting?). “Many of us have been waiting over half of our lives for this movie,” says Carl Cunningham, webmaster of fan site Jedi-Net.com. Cunningham managed to post several stills from the trailer on his site Tuesday morning—and was promptly overwhelmed with hits as enthusiasts tried to access his page. The trailer “sent fans into a tizzy, because years of speculation finally came to fruition,” he says.

For its part, Fox knew it had the Force on its side. The question was, How and when to debut it? Originally, Fox and Lucasfilm had agreed to release the trailer nationally on Friday, Nov. 20, attaching it to a wide range of films—most notably the high-profile premiere of the **Will Smith–Gene Hackman** thriller *Ene-*

my of the State. “People are going to the movies right now,” explains Tom Sherak, chairman of the Fox Domestic Film Group. “This was a good way to get to a lot of people in a short period of time.”

The Tuesday preview was then concocted as a way of creating an event atmosphere around the trailer. “We tried

to pick the markets with the biggest fan bases and do something special for the die-hard fans,” says Sherak. That’s why the sneaks were advertised solely on the official *Wars* website, and why only theaters that boasted state-of-the-art audiovisual equipment were selected. Fans who actually stuck

around for the feature presentations were treated to a bonus: The *Phantom* trailer was shown again after the main event. “This was a way they could see it twice without having to pay again,” says Sherak. (Or, as some would point out, a way to keep fans from walking out of theaters after just the previews.)

By most accounts, the stunt was a success. For one thing, the sneak created positive buzz for the nationwide rollout of the trailer—a phenomenon even rival studios could love, since movie attendance over the weekend is likely to be increased across the board. Says Universal’s president of marketing, Marc Shmuger, “We’ll take all the help we can get.” (Or as one Disney exec puts it, “Thank you, Twentieth Century Fox!”) Good word of mouth can also go a long way for *Wars* merchandise in the upcoming holiday buying season. “It’s good for Lucasfilm’s licensees,” says one studio marketing exec. “If there’s buzz, it’s likely buyers will aggressively order merchandise.”

So now that the trailer’s a hit, there’s just the little matter of an actual movie... ■ (Additional reporting by Scott Brown)

burning question



HEWITT AND BRANDY

Q: Since *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*, starring Jennifer Love Hewitt and Brandy, actually takes place a year after the events of *I Know What You Did Last Summer*, shouldn’t it be called *I Still Know What You Did Two Summers Ago*?

A: “There’s one very simple answer,” responds *Summer* producer Neal H. Moritz. “I couldn’t have fit that on the marquee.” Well, then how about the equally concise, but more correct, *I Still Know What You Did That Summer*? “You know what? We just wanted to change one word,” says Moritz, who admits he was always aware of the titular inaccuracy. “I didn’t want *I Know What You Did Last Summer Part 2*. I didn’t want *I Still Know What You Did That Summer Two Summers Ago*. This was just kind of short and sweet.” Then how about this for the next sequel: *That Summer Thing? Still Knowing It*. —Dave Karger

HOTSheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Jennifer Aniston Her unauthorized picture appears on packages of condoms in Russia. It replaces the low-selling Paula Jones condoms.

2 Celebrity Woody Allen examines the pitfalls of fame. Like making the front page every time you date your girlfriend's daughter.

3 McCaughey septuplets They're celebrating their first birthday. It won't be long until they say their first word: *endorsement*.

4 \$126,500 That's what Babe Ruth's first home-run ball hit in Yankee Stadium sold for. For that kind of money you could have bought a couple of stadium hot dogs.

5 Leo Rumors say the lanky star has put on 25 pounds. Most of it above his neck.

6 Mrs. Sean Connery Someone stole \$1 million worth of her jewels while she was out to dinner. SPECTRE is the prime suspect.

7 Enemy of the State Will Smith accidentally gets caught up in a giant government conspiracy. They think

he's learned the secret to making \$600 toilet seats.

8 Cracker Jack There are certificates for gold rings in some boxes. And certificates for Jenny Craig in others.

9 Ted Turner The Time Warner and CNN honcho says he might run for President. Wouldn't that be a step down?

10 Monica's book deal She'll reportedly get \$600,000 to tell her story. Which is what they'll have to pay me to read it.

11 Sesame Street The kids' show is 30 years old. The only thing different is that Big Bird is now doing a comb-over.

12 Fox specials Shows like *Busted on the Job III* are appealing to the demographic advertisers want most—suckers.

13 Boy Scout manuals The latest one includes rules of behavior for sex. It's right after the chapter on cooties.

14 Trinity NBC's saga of a stereotyped Irish family was postponed. They need extra time to dig up more clichés.

15 A Bug's Life Animated movies starring insects are very popular. They're working on one for Adam Sandler: *The Water Bug*.



RECORD TIME (From left) Brooks, Houston, and Jewel aim high

GROOVY TUESDAY

IMAGINE IF *THE TRUMAN Show*, *Armageddon*, and *Saving Private Ryan* all opened on the same day.

For the music industry, Nov. 17 was that kind of day. A multitude of major pop acts released albums on Super Tuesday, including new CDs from **Garth Brooks**, **Whitney Houston**, **Jewel**, **Method Man**, and **Seal**—not to mention a **Mariah Carey** anthology, and three separate *Prince of Egypt* soundtracks. "The summer seemed really soft. All those records were just pent up," says marketing consultant Paula Morris (who's worked with **Celine Dion**, among others). With such a heavy-weight slugfest, there's sure to be fallout. Here's a closer look:

■ **GARTH BROOKS, *Double Live*** Calling Brooks a bit aggressive as a marketer is like calling **Marilyn Manson** a bit off-beat. Brooks wants to be the first to sell a million units in a week, so he's employing gimmicks like multiple covers and discounted prices. And Brooks knows how to get fans into stores: On Tuesday, he did a closed-circuit concert beamed to Wal-Marts nationwide, and he was set to perform three times (for different time zones) on NBC on Wednesday. Expect

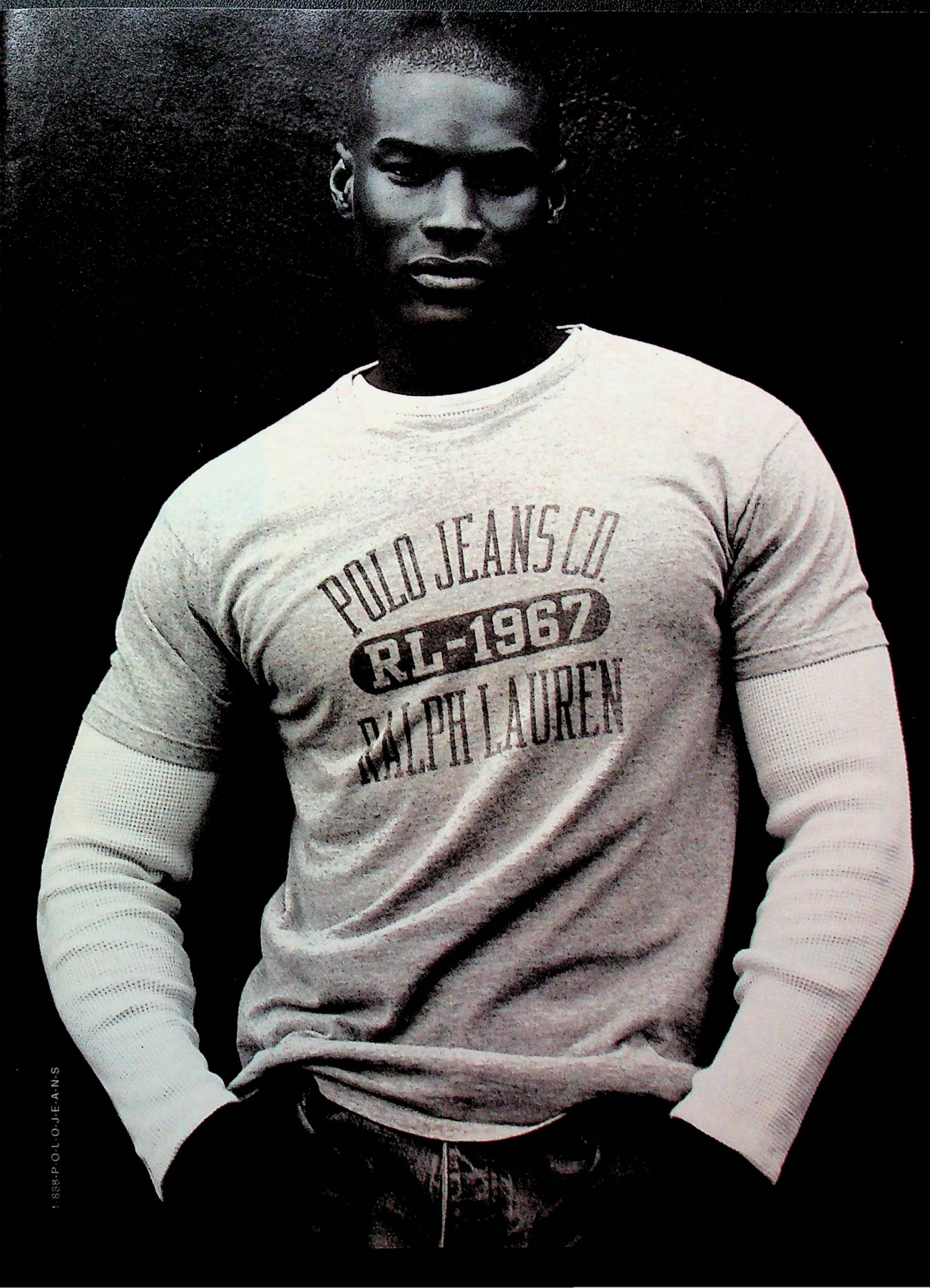
sales even bigger than his ego. ■ **JEWEL, *Spirit*** "Hands," the first single from her heavily anticipated second album, looks to have legs, but don't expect a fighting *Spirit* the first week. Stiff competition may keep the poet-folkie from big initial numbers. "Jewel's story is going to be in the long run," says Ron Shapiro, Atlantic's exec VP and general manager.

■ **WHITNEY HOUSTON, *My Love Is Your Love*** Houston's first non-soundtrack album in eight years had little prerelease hype. Why? It almost wasn't ready by the 17th, the release date of "When You Believe," her *Egypt* duet with Carey. Says Arista exec VP Charles Goldstuck, "Additional setup time would have helped us the first week, but we think its potential life cycle is the next 52 weeks."

■ **METHOD MAN, *Tical 2000*** The Wu-Tang Clan member should do well—major hip-hop acts usually have big first-week sales despite other new CDs. "We'll sell more because more people are in the stores," says Def Jam's Russell Simmons.

■ **SEAL, *Human Being*** Despite coming on the heels of a hit album, *Human* is getting little radio support. Seal may face choppy waters. —Rob Brunner

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SINATRA

FLASHES

SPEAKING PARTS Stage, screen, and TV are all fine, but stars who *really* want to command attention are turning to another medium: audio books. No longer the province of foreign-language primers, books on tape have become a popular celeb outlet. With everyone from **Edward Norton** (reading **Tom Wolfe's** novella *Ambush at Fort Bragg*) to **Kevin Spacey** (who's recorded **Richard Russo's** *Nobody's Fool*) getting into the act, it seems reading is fundamental...for acting. Since the pay's rather modest—typically \$100 to \$150 per recorded hour—most stars get involved “because they love the author or the project,” says BDD Audio Publishing's Christine McNamara. “And it gives them the chance to play a whole cast. It's a good way to keep in acting shape.” Other readers include **John**

Malkovich (Anne Tyler's *The Accidental Tourist*) and *Ally McBeal's* **Peter MacNicol** (Pat Conroy's *Beach Music*). The most interesting matchup: **Gillian Anderson** breathily murmuring *Exit to Eden*, **Anne Rice's** soft-porn romp. Says Random House Audio-books' Carrie Kania, “How every 16-year-old boy who worships her doesn't own this is beyond me.” —Clarissa Cruz

A SWINGIN' AFFAIR Throw together a Jungian Dickens expert, a professor of otolaryngology, and some groovin' tunes. The result: the ring-a-ding conference titled “**Frank Sinatra: The Man, the Music, the Legend**,” held Nov. 12–14 at Long Island's Hofstra University. Opening ceremonies were heavy on memories, with **Vic Damone**, **Quincy Jones**, and

Alan King, among others, sharing the stage. Damone reminisced about his first call with Ol' Blue Eyes, which ended with “Yeah, you're Frank Sinatra, and the Pope wears a yarmulke.” Jones remembered some typically wry Sinatra advice (“Live every day like it's your last, and one day you'll be right”). King recalled **Don Rickles'** welcome when Sinatra walked in on his act one night (“Make yourself at home, Frank, and hit somebody”). The gathered academics spoke of the archetypes of animus and anima in “Luck Be a Lady,” Sinatra's “multidetermined appeal,” and the way the Chairman of the Board “psychologically energized his lyrics.” Patricia Vinci, who lectured on cultural similarities between Sinatra and **Charles Dickens**, had a more devotional view: “If they can't put God in the public schools, put in Sinatra.” —Will Lee

double take

You Oughta Po

She's not a Day-Glo color. There's no strange pointy thing sticking out of her head. And we're reasonably sure she doesn't have a TV embedded in her stomach. But don't be fooled: **Alanis Morissette** is actually the *fifth Teletubby*. Consider the evidence. —Rob Brunner



MORISSETTE



TELETUBBIES

Recently released a CD called *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*

Recently released a CD called *Teletubbies: The Album*

Started her career on a kids' TV show in Canada

Started their careers on a kids' TV show in England

Recently released a single that repeats *Thank you over and over*

Recently released a single that repeats *eh-oh over and over*

Strolls around Los Angeles naked in her “Thank U” video

Stroll around Teletubbyland naked in their videos

Struggles with the English language, failing to grasp the correct definition of the word *ironic*

Struggle with the English language, failing to grasp the correct pronunciation of words like *hello*

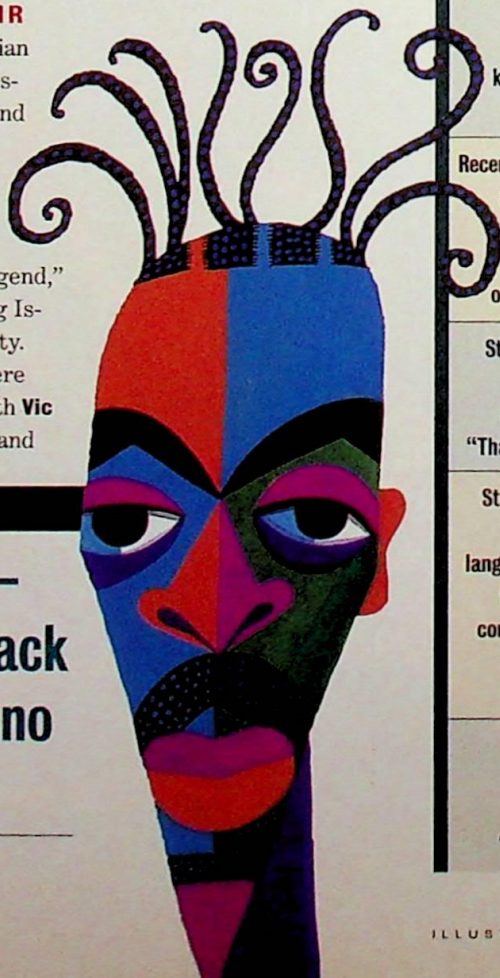
Informs us in one song that she is “perverted”

Inform us in one song that Po is “dirty all over”

random quote >>

“My kids really enjoyed it—what I think of the soundtrack is entirely different. I have no idea why I wasn't on it.”

—COOLIO on *The Rugrats Movie*



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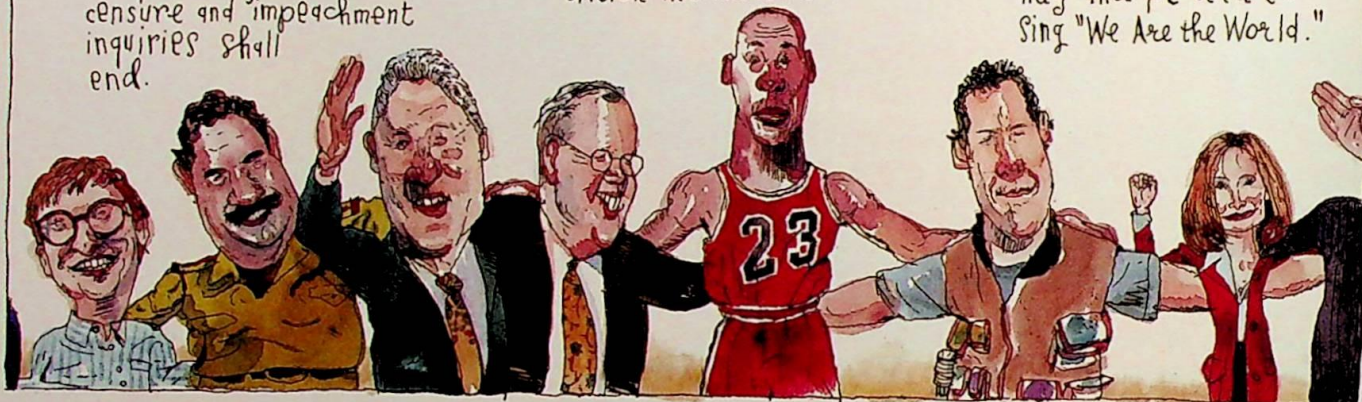
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a g r e e m e n t

BY P. BLITT

1. The National Basketball Association agrees herewith to end its lockout and begin play immediately.
2. Correspondingly, U.N. weapons inspectors will be given unfettered access to all Iraqi war sites.
3. President Bill Clinton will accept a congressional censure and impeachment inquiries shall end.
4. At that time, the government will drop its antitrust action against Microsoft.
5. Calista Flockhart will then, in a televised event, consume an enormous pasta dinner, thereby ending weeks of speculation and innuendo.
6. Film critics will therewith lay off of all Adam Sandler movies, noting forthwith that 12-year-olds do not read reviews.
7. The participants of the above will then engage in a group hug and proceed to sing "We Are the World."



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Monitor



ELECTRA AND RODMAN



RYAN



BIONDI



WEDDINGS NBA wild man Dennis Rodman, 37, and actress Carmen Electra (*Hyperion Bay*), 26, Nov. 14, in Las Vegas. While Rodman's agent reportedly denied the union's validity, claiming his cross-dressing client was too drunk for the nuptials to be legal, Rodman later issued a handwritten statement saying, "I apologize for any false statements given on my behalf regarding my marriage. I love Carmen and am proud to be married to her." It's Rodman's second marriage, Electra's first.



SPLITS Seven wasn't her lucky number after all. Actress Jeri Ryan, 30, who plays *Star Trek: Voyager's* Seven of Nine, filed for divorce, Nov. 6, from her husband of seven years, Chicago-based investment banker Jack Ryan, citing irreconcilable differences. The couple has a son, Alex, 4.



DEALS Ending months of speculation, former White House intern Monica Lewinsky, 25, signed with British publisher Michael O'Mara Books for a reported \$600,000 advance to tell her side of the Sexgate story. The book, said to be titled *Monica's Story*, will be written by Princess Diana biographer Andrew Morton and published in the U.S. by St. Martin's Press, which 10 months ago denied interest in Lewinsky's tale. "We'll get a fuller story than anything we've heard," says Sally Richardson, publisher of St. Martin's. The book will reportedly hit stores in February.



EXITS Universal Studios chairman and CEO Frank Biondi Jr., 53, Nov. 16, after a tumultuous two-year reign. The move was hardly surprising; there had recently been

reports that Edgar Bronfman Jr., president and CEO of the Seagram Co., Universal's parent, was getting set to fire Biondi. Bronfman was supposedly unhappy with the performance of Universal's film division, which this year released such costly disappointments as *One True Thing* and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. (The reportedly \$90 million Brad Pitt vehicle *Meet Joe Black* opened Nov. 13 in third place, grossing \$15 million its first weekend.) Biondi, who'd spent much of his career in TV, saw his role at Universal undercut last fall after Bronfman gave up control of most of the studio's TV assets to USA Networks. Bronfman is expected to overhaul the studio's corporate structure and take a more active role in its entertainment divisions. Biondi's future plans remain uncertain. —Shawna Malcom

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Major Tom

CLOSE-UP

Overcoming creative setbacks, depression—even a heart attack—stylish scribe Tom Wolfe takes off with what may be his best book yet, *A Man in Full*. by Benjamin Svetkey

SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF TOM Wolfe's closet—amid his custom-tailored cream-colored suits, his hand-sewn two-tone calfskin shoes, his racks of imported crepe de chine neckties—hangs a single pair of Levi's jeans. He has never worn these pants in public—they're still as inky blue as the day he

purchased them, during a trip to Texas nearly 25 years ago—but they may just be the most important trousers he's ever owned.

"The only time I wear them," the author says, daintily sipping coffee in his lavishly furnished 12-room Upper East Side apartment, "is when I *must* finish what I'm writing. I wear them when I'm on a deadline because I know I'll never leave home with them on."

It's safe to say that Wolfe wore a lot of denim this past year. Finishing *A Man in Full*, the most hotly anticipated novel of his career—possibly the most anticipated novel by any author this decade—has been a frantic, deadline-defying race that very nearly cost the 68-year-old literary superstar his life. After 11 years of false starts, wrong plot turns, abandoned characters, massive revisions, and total rethinks—not to mention a heart attack and a quintuple-bypass operation—Wolfe found himself scrambling to complete the

book up to the very last minute, his publishers all but tearing pages from his typewriter as he wrote.

"When anyone asked me, I tried to make out like I was just correcting a few proofs," he says, his gentle Virginia lilt almost a whisper. "But the fact is, I did a lot of the writing this summer. I was making changes as late as September. I put my publishers through hell."

And now here it is: Wolfe's 742-page anatomy of America in the 1990s (83 pages longer than his last decade-defining best-seller, 1987's *Bonfire of the Vanities*), a vast panorama stretching from the belly of the Deep South to the industrial armpits of California, from the boardrooms of the fat and wealthy to the prison cells of the lost and luckless. Like *Bonfire*, it's packed with vivid detail (including more than you ever needed to know about how horses have sex), larger-than-life characters with giddily eccentric names (Raymond

Peepgass, Jack Shellnutt, You Gene Jones), and a twisting, page-turning plotline that ultimately caroms into a fiery pileup of racial politics and high finance.

In other words, it's exactly the sort of sprawling, overstuffed, 19th-century-style novel almost nobody else is writing these days—and that Wolfe has been loudly championing for years. "Here we are in this baroque nation with all this fabulous material and people are writing *psychological* novels?" he says. "Good Lord!"

This bravado—*My Balzacs are bigger than yours!*—hasn't always endeared him to other authors (John Updike, for one, recently dismissed *A Man in Full* as "entertainment, not literature"), but then, Wolfe has never been one to travel in packs. As a writer for *Esquire* and *New York* magazines in the 1960s and '70s, he broke all the rules of conventional journalism (and punctuation) with his free-wheeling stories about stock car races and Black Panther dinner parties that seemed to loop off the page in high-wire acts of verbal acrobatics. The opening paragraph of one classic Wolfe piece on Las Vegas, for instance, consisted almost entirely of the word *hernia* repeated 57 times. (Well, it *was* the '60s.)

This revolutionary New

Journalism (collected in best-sellers like *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*) quickly made him the most famous nonfiction writer in America. At the time, he claimed no interest in becoming anything more. He even wrote an essay in 1972 proclaiming that journalism had supplanted the novel as the *true* literature of the 20th century—then nearly proved the point with his best-selling 1979 space-race saga *The Right Stuff*.

Still, a *Bonfire* burned within. Changing his mind about fiction, Wolfe set out to write the sweeping social novel of his dreams. *Bonfire* ended up a huge hit, selling 750,000 copies in hardcover alone. Wolfe was so pleased with himself, he did the dumbest thing possible: He promised his next novel would be even better. "The biggest book in the world" were his exact words.

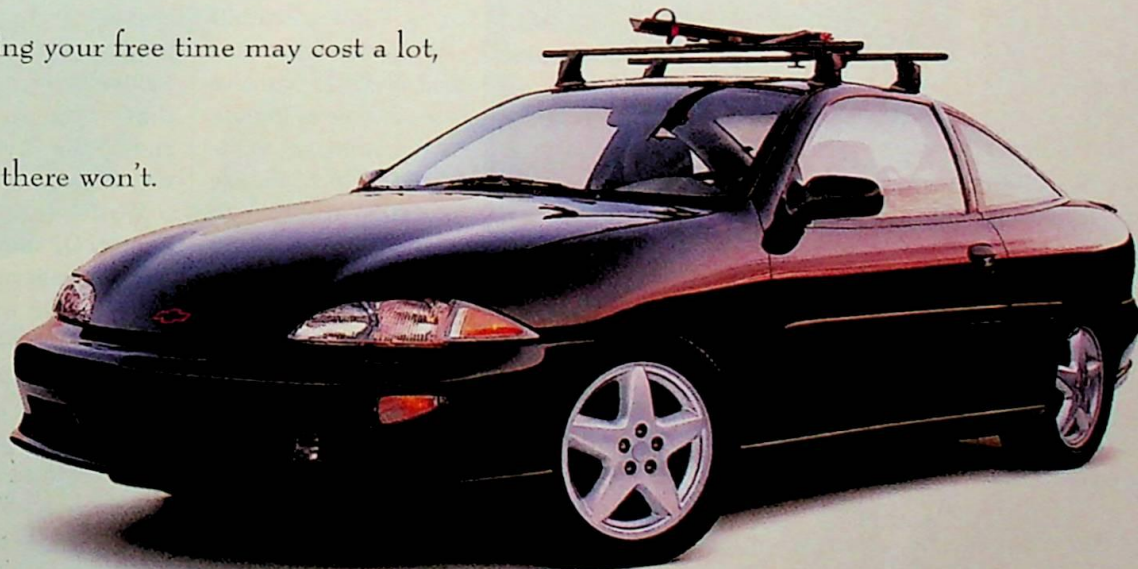
"That was one of my follies," he says now. "It was one of the reasons it took me so long to write *A Man in Full*. I *did* want to top *Bonfire*. It was a lot of pressure."

After taking a year off, he began sketching out some ideas. But sitting behind his enormous custom-designed mahogany battleship of a desk (complete with built-in tape recorder and pencil sharpener), he quickly found himself lost in a labyrinth of dead ends. "I took this very expensive trip to Japan because at one time I thought that might be a component in the book," he says. "And I spent a lot of time in the New York art market, which is a really sexy scene. All these art birds in little black dresses, crossing and un-



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crossing their gossamer legs. I still think there's great material there."

Wolfe at least knew where to find the heart of his new novel: From the beginning he wanted to set part of the book in the South. "I had visited these plantations in Georgia," he recalls, "and I saw a life of consumption more conspicuous than any in the whole country. These people had 6,000-foot asphalt runways on their plantations just so they could fly their private jets in for quail hunting. So I thought, Okay, I've got this milieu—what can I do with it?"

One suggestion came from Mary Rose Taylor, a well-connected friend of Wolfe's whose husband happens to be a real estate developer in Atlanta. "We were having dinner, talking about what his next book should be," she says, "and I told him he should write about real estate developers in Atlanta." She threw some dinner parties so Wolfe could study the breed up close. And from bits and pieces of Taylor's pals, Wolfe eventually assembled his novel's main hero, Charlie Croker, an aging, boorishly charming Atlanta titan whose reckless real estate gambles have left him nearly \$1 billion in debt.

But just as the book was finally falling into place, Wolfe suffered the most serious setback of all. In August 1996, after finishing some push-ups in his Southampton summer home, he felt an odd sensation in his chest. He thought he might have pulled a muscle; he hadn't. Within

days, he was wheeled into surgery for a bypass operation. "I was under tremendous stress over finishing the book," he says, "so I would say that had something to do with my heart attack. But the fact is my father had a heart attack at 65, my grandfather had an attack at 65, and my father's brother had an aneurysm at 65."

The operation was successful, but it sent Wolfe spiraling into a deep funk. It didn't do much for his publisher's spirits, either: It meant Wolfe wouldn't meet his promised deadline. Publication was

itors who worked with Wolfe on the novel. "Every morning I'd call him and ask how many pages we'd be getting today."

"It shouldn't have taken me this long," Wolfe says ruefully. "Writers never realize it, but the world is not out there waiting for your next book. The world honestly isn't paying attention. I couldn't afford to spend 11 years on this book."

ACTUALLY IN WOLFE'S case, the world *was* waiting. And tonight, in the Cotillion Room at the Pierre Hotel on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, the wait is finally over.

It's the Nov. 12 publication party for *A Man in Full*. Underneath the hall's two *Titanic*-size chandeliers, New York's glitterati are sipping white wine and nibbling expensive hors d'oeuvres (mmm-mmmmm, these little Roquefort cheese morsels are tasty). Among the revelers: George Plimpton, William Buckley, Charlie Rose, Gay Talese, Walter Cronkite, Morley Safer, and Frederique, the Victoria's Secret supermodel.

Okay, so it's no Radical Chic Evening—but it is the most important publishing event of the year. At least it is for Farrar, Straus & Giroux, which must have spent six figures on this lavish fete. Wolfe is by far FSG's biggest star, and the publisher is pulling out all the stops. It's reportedly poured half a million dollars into a promotional blitz for the book (on top of the \$5 million to \$7 million advance the company's

said to have paid Wolfe). And it's printed an astonishing 1.2 million first copies of the novel, more than Scribner's initial run of Stephen King's *Bag of Bones*.

FSG has reason for optimism. Except for Updike's swipe, the reviews have been almost all glowing. True, the book did get a lukewarm reception in Hollywood—the film rights still haven't been sold—but after the disastrous *Bonfire* flick, maybe that's a blessing in disguise. "After that one it would not disturb me in the least if this book never got made into a movie," says Wolfe. "I don't think it *could* be made into a movie. It would have to be five hours long."

All in all, it's easy to understand why the champagne is being uncorked in FSG's business offices. "We've never done this big a first printing," says marketing exec Laurie Brown. "But we got the first week of sales figures and it's No. 1 at every location. So we're pretty happy."

Wolfe definitely looks happy. Or maybe just incredibly relieved. One thing about those white suits—he's always easy to spot, even in a hotel ballroom packed with hundreds of people. He's standing in a corner with his wife, Sheila, and two children, Alexandra, 18, and Tommy, 13, grinning as brightly as the chandeliers up above. With all his friends and fans clustered around him, it's impossible to elbow in close enough to hear his voice. But if you stare hard enough, you can almost read his lips. And after the last 11 years, what he's saying looks something like this:

Hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia... ■



FROM OUR HOUSE TO FILM HOUSE Will Man follow *Bonfire* (top) and *Stuff* to the screen?

pushed back another year, even though the book had been slated for release in November 1997. In truth, the heart attack may have actually focused Wolfe more clearly. Most of what would ultimately become *A Man in Full* was written over the last two years—post-bypass—at breakneck speed, especially during the last six months. "I felt a little like a shakedown artist," cracks Paul Elie, one of the FSG ed-

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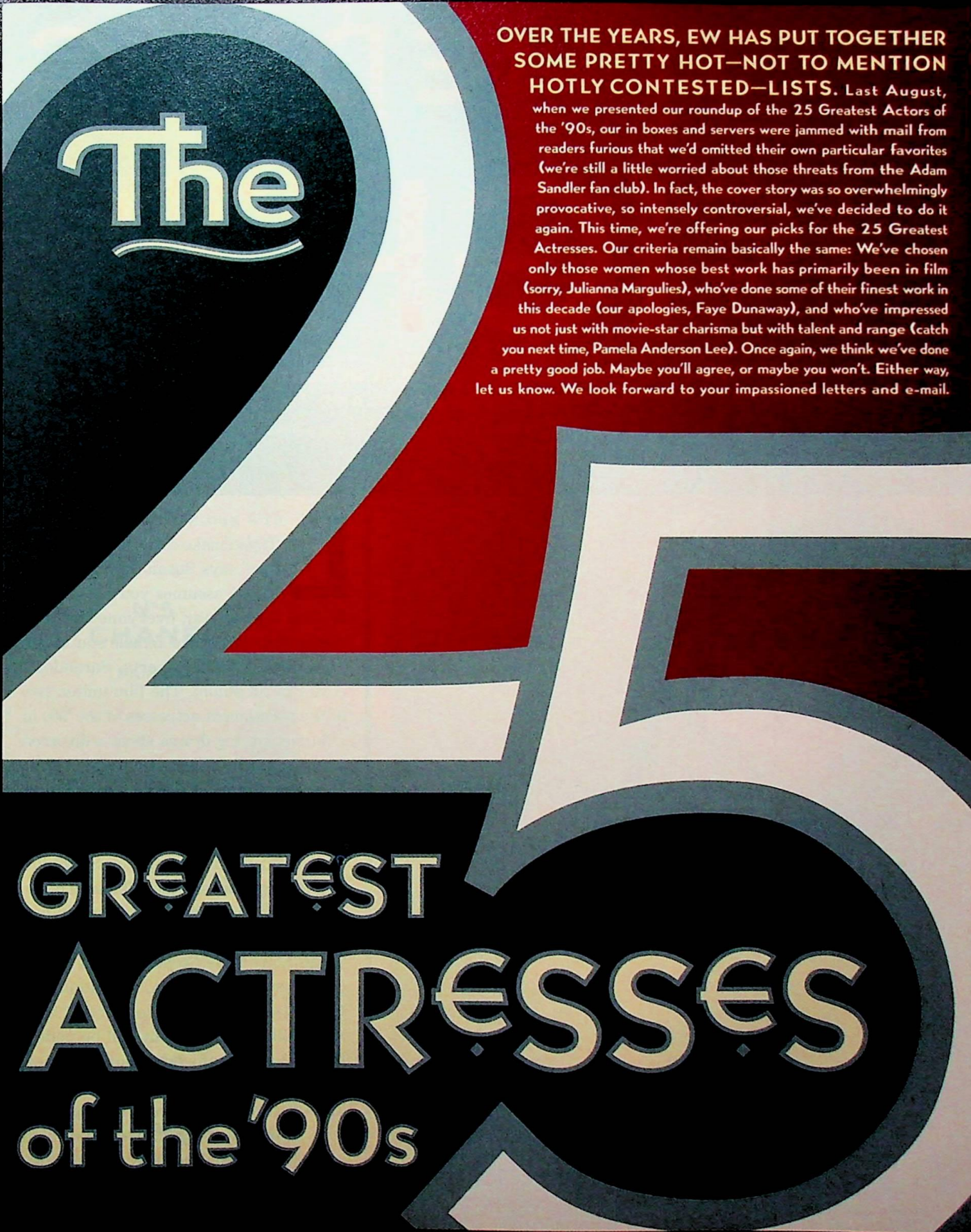
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OVER THE YEARS, EW HAS PUT TOGETHER SOME PRETTY HOT—NOT TO MENTION HOTLY CONTESTED—LISTS. Last August, when we presented our roundup of the 25 Greatest Actors of the '90s, our in boxes and servers were jammed with mail from readers furious that we'd omitted their own particular favorites (we're still a little worried about those threats from the Adam Sandler fan club). In fact, the cover story was so overwhelmingly provocative, so intensely controversial, we've decided to do it again. This time, we're offering our picks for the 25 Greatest Actresses. Our criteria remain basically the same: We've chosen only those women whose best work has primarily been in film (sorry, Julianna Margulies), who've done some of their finest work in this decade (our apologies, Faye Dunaway), and who've impressed us not just with movie-star charisma but with talent and range (catch you next time, Pamela Anderson Lee). Once again, we think we've done a pretty good job. Maybe you'll agree, or maybe you won't. Either way, let us know. We look forward to your impassioned letters and e-mail.

GREATEST
ACTRESSES
of the '90s

MOTHERING HEIGHTS

ACTING ACES SUSAN SARANDON AND JULIA ROBERTS GO HEAD-TO-HEAD IN THE HOLIDAY FAMILY TEARJERKER 'STEPMOM'—AND THEY'RE STILL SPEAKING!

BY ANDREW ESSEX PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW ROLSTON



Susan SARANDON

LET'S BEGIN WITH THE GOSSIP. "If you make a movie with a male star," says Susan Sarandon, "everyone assumes you're f---ing. If it's a female star, everyone assumes you're fighting." ♦ The female star under discussion is Julia Roberts, Sarandon's costar in *Stepmom*. The film unites two of the preeminent actresses of the '90s in a duct-emptying drama about a divorced mother of two (Sarandon) whose life-threatening illness forces her to accept her ex-husband's fiancée (Roberts). Now the movie is finished and, despite the aforementioned assumption, Sarandon and Roberts still say they like each other very much, thank you. ♦ But gossip is a powerful thing, and on Christmas Day, when Sony rolls *Stepmom* into megaplexes across America, Sarandon and Roberts are (mildly) concerned that their collaborative debut will be undermined by that aforementioned rumor. ♦ Sarandon, 52, mother of three, Academy Award-winning actress, is resigned to "the knee-jerk thing." Gossip is no skin off her hot cocoa (her throat still hurts

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Let's move on.

"Before *Stepmom*, if I read a script *twice* by the time a movie finished shooting, that was pretty impressive," she says. "Though I'm *incredibly intrigued* by development, it's not my favorite thing in the world. Every time a new version came in, it was like, 'Oh, *this* again.'"



The troops may have been mobilized, but there was still a minor problem. Everyone, it seemed, *loathed* the title.

"ON THE FIRST BIG REHEARSAL DAY WITH SUSAN," SAYS ROBERTS, "I THOUGHT, WHAT IF SHE THINKS I SUCK?"

They still do. Though the posters were printed weeks ago, the title still makes Roberts squirm. She shakes her head, rolls her eyes, and pulls a wool turtleneck over her famous lips until all that remains is her forehead. "Don't make me talk about it," she mumbles. Fortunately, we have the highlight reel:

JULIA: *Stepmom* sounds like a booger movie. It makes me think [affects Bela Lugosi accent] *horrible evil person will slash your throat at night*.

CHRIS: I saw *Stepmom* and thought, God, this sounds more like a comedy.

JULIA: What was that other movie? *Stepfather?* *Stepdad?* *Stepsomething?*

SUSAN: I think it's terrible and misleading.

JULIA: My favorite title was *Goodnight Moon*. Nothing will ever be as good. It's like first love.

SUSAN: I can't remember the others. It's too painful.

JULIA: There were a lot of *really* bad ideas. I thought *If I Need You* was pretty good.

SUSAN: There was *Both Sides of the Hudson*. Or was it *Two Sides of the Hudson*? I don't know. *It's a Wonderful Life*?

CHRIS: Most of our titles sounded like bad soap operas. *Promises Kept*. *See You in My Dreams*. *Always, Always*.

ED: After a year of *Stepmom*, I guess they figured, hell, we might as well keep it.

"At this point," Roberts laments, "I'm just trying to make peace with it. I'm trying to find solace in the idea that I've seen some *really* s---ty movies with amazing titles. So maybe we'll prove that a s---ty title does not a bad movie make."

IN A THREE-DECADE CAREER THAT'S MOVED FROM KITSCH (1975's *Rocky Horror*) to class, Sarandon has endured some pretty bad titles, but her work has rarely been less than amazing. She extracted personality from Kevin Costner in *Bull Durham* (1988); she helped us forget Geena Davis was once a model in *Thelma & Louise* (1991); after four Oscar nods, she hit the Best Actress jackpot in '96 for *Dead Man Walking*. She's one of the few actresses who can flaunt her considerable physical gifts without sacrificing an iota of respect. For *Stepmom*, Sarandon again sacrificed glamour for grit. "You have to strip away everything," says the actress, who'll appear next in Wayne Wang's *Anywhere but Here*, "and find some inner glow."

But it's hard to out-glow Julia Roberts. "She smiles," says Sarandon, "and the sun comes out." Half the free world noticed that eight years ago, when she smiled in *Pretty Woman*. Since then, Roberts, who won her second Oscar nomination (her first

was for supporting actress in 1989's *Steel Magnolias*) for that career-making role, has sometimes seemed on a crusade to prove she's more than a pretty face (see the 1996 double smileyectomy of *Michael Collins* and *Mary Reilly*). But in '97, Roberts began rechanneling her Olympian charm. After taking on Mel Gibson in *Conspiracy Theory* and Cameron Diaz in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, she can be her halogen self and still go claw to claw with one of today's most respected actresses.

"If I'm better because I'm with Susan...then so be it," says Roberts, who'll next reunite with *Pretty Woman* costar Richard Gere in *Runaway Bride*. "So I guess I'm not really that bad..."—she takes a deep breath—"... 'cause I was smart enough to find the thing with the girl to make me better."

"I remember the first big rehearsal day with Susan," Roberts says. "Suddenly, I thought, *What if she thinks I suck?* That was the first time it occurred to me, *Gee, this could be bad.*"

Sarandon, who flourished in an equally complex working relationship with her companion, *Dead Man Walking* director Tim Robbins, says Roberts never had to worry. "If she'd been unprofessional, or unable to deliver, there'd have been a problem." Still, professionalism didn't stop her from giving Roberts frequent tongue-lashings—fortunately, part of the script. *Stepmom* has more catfighting than a *Jerry Springer* marathon.

"It seemed like *banter* when we were revising dialogue," Roberts recalls. "But in rehearsal, it quickly became Susan as the aggressor. I think she absolutely enjoyed herself." Sarandon brightens at the memory. "I kind of never get a chance to be nasty, so I was really happy to be mean and bitchy."

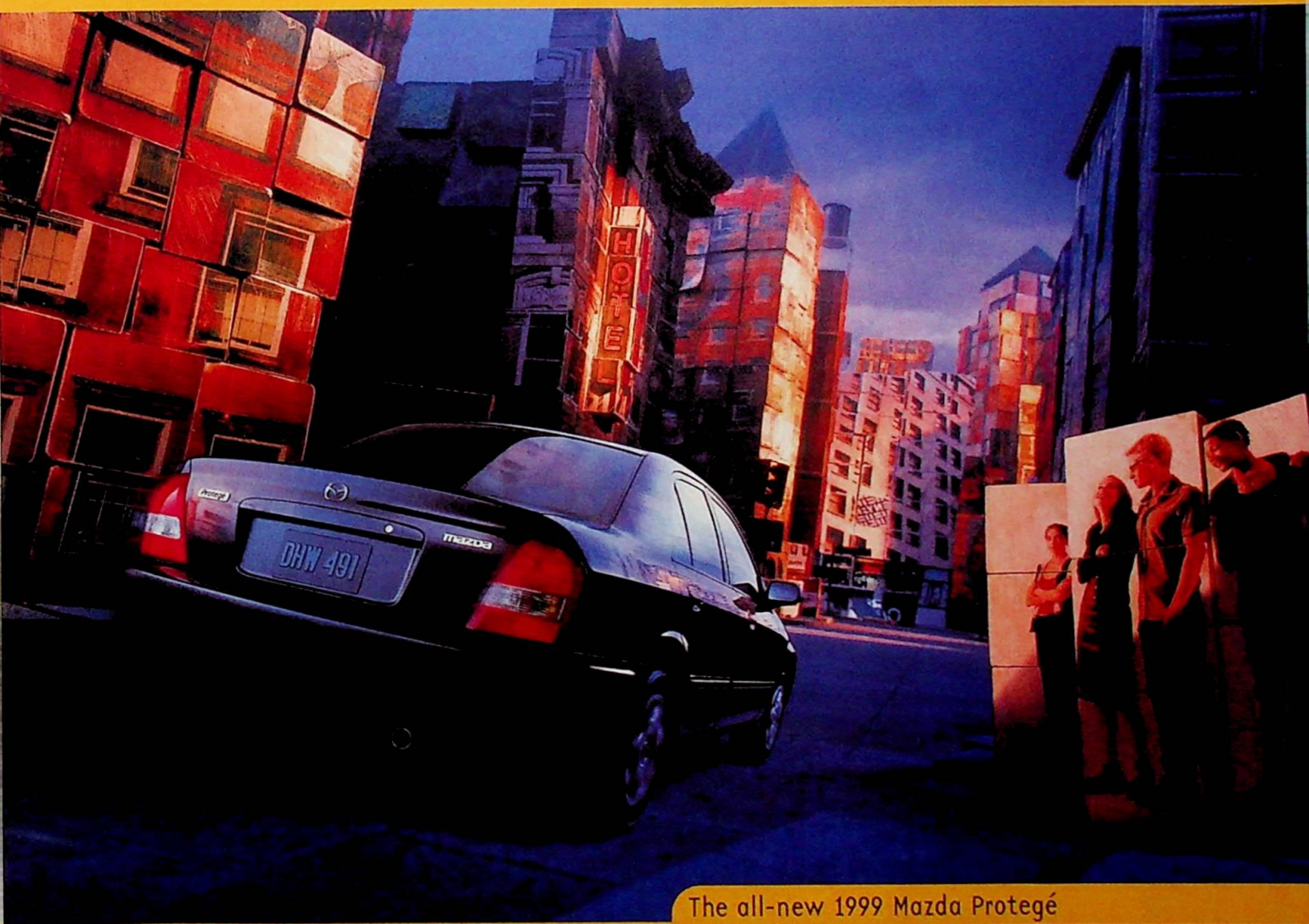
The actresses were so good at *pretending* to hate each other, they wound up wondering if they actually did. "I remember thinking, *Why do I feel my life is spinning out of control?*" Roberts says. "Then I'd realize: Oh, it's because I've been s--- on all day." Nor was it easy for Sarandon, who had to wear frumpy caftans and terminal makeup while her costar enjoyed a superfly wardrobe and killer hair. Didn't Sarandon ever want to strangle Roberts, a little? "Let's put it this way," she says. "It's never great for your ego when you finish getting made up and come out looking worse than when you came in."

In the end, nobody wound up in therapy. "When *any* movie goes well, it's a miracle," Roberts says. "It's only when you experience the *antithesis* that you worship the *miracle* of harmony. It really was a seamless experience—except for the title."

"You come in, you do it, you leave," says Sarandon. "It's just a movie."

We believe them...but that could just be us. They are, after all, great actresses. ■

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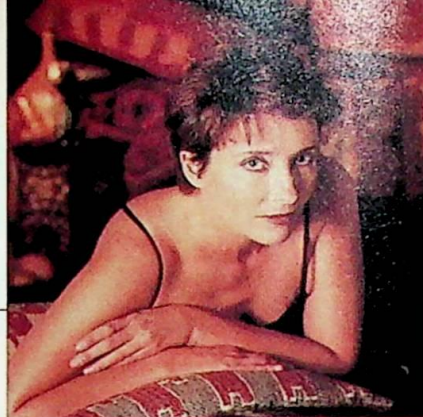
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Get in. Be moved.

"There's a sense of mystery about her. She has this world of hidden emotions churning below the surface, and it always makes you want to know more about her and her characters." —ELISABETH SHUE (her costar in *Cousin Bette*)

King Kong must have seen her potential when he picked her up back in 1976. Now, 22 years and two Oscars later, she's one of Hollywood's most venerable but unpredictable stars. Whether she's sweetly seductive (*Tootsie*) or completely nuts (*Frances*), Lange, 49, can handle any emotional obstacle course. DON'T MISS *Cape Fear* (1991), *Blue Sky* (1994), *Rob Roy* (1995) NEXT *Titus* (based on William Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*), with Anthony Hopkins (now filming)

JESSICA LANGE



"She keeps it light, never takes herself too seriously. To me, that's a sure sign of greatness."

—ANTHONY HOPKINS

Thompson, 39, is the only actress on this list to win Oscars for both acting (*Howards End*) and writing (for adapting *Sense and Sensibility*), but that's not entirely why we picked her. Even when she's playing Americans—like a certain much-beleaguered political wife suffering a certain skirt-chasing Southern husband—she oozes integrity and gentleness (and manages to steal a movie from John Travolta—no mean feat). DON'T MISS *The Remains of the Day* (1993), *Sense and Sensibility* (1995), *Primary Colors* (1998) NEXT The crime drama *Judas Kiss*, with Alan Rickman (no release date)

EMMA

Thompson





"When she auditioned for *Ghostbusters*, Sigourney did the scene where she transforms into a dog, and she got on all fours and started yelping. She manages to be likable and strong, which is so tough for actresses." —IVAN REITMAN (director of *Ghostbusters* and *Dave*)

SIGOURNEY

As the jaded adulteress next door in *The Ice Storm*, she dares you one minute to take your eyes off her; the next, she's coiled in a fetal ball, shattered and broken. That trademark yin-and-yang duality is her greatest gift. Even in full-on Sgt. Rock mode in the *Alien* movies, Weaver, 49, can ache like a real woman and break just like a little girl. **DON'T MISS** *Dave* (1993), *The Ice Storm* (1997), *Alien Resurrection* (1997) **NEXT** *A Map of the World*, with Julianne Moore (1999)

Weaver

MALE CALL

AND NOW, A FEW OF OUR LEADING LADIES PICK A FEW GOOD LEADING MEN

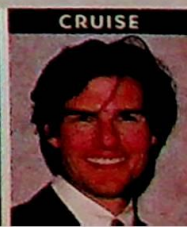
GREATEST ACTRESSES' MINDS THINK ALIKE. ASKED TO NAME the actor they'd most like to work with, Meryl Streep, Julianne Moore, and Alfre Woodard single out **Sean Penn**, whose work, says Streep, "is brilliant, inventive, and compassionate, and his choices are unpredictable and true." Both Michelle Pfeiffer and Glenn Close pick **Marlon Brando** "just because he's Marlon Brando," says Pfeiffer. Close gets rhapsodic: "To have been his Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, having him tossing me meat in the first scene! He remains one of the greatest actors this country will ever produce."

Another country produced Helena Bonham Carter's choice, the Italian actor-director **Roberto Benigni**. "I just saw *Life Is Beautiful*," says Bonham Carter, "and I'm in love with...his exuberance, humor, whimsical imagination, and his big, humane, love-thumping heart." More sparing with words is Vanessa Redgrave, who chooses **Harvey Keitel** "because he's such a good actor." Kathy Bates puts **Laurence Fishburne** on her wish list "because of his tremendous range and subtleties of his characterizations," and Sigourney Weaver names **Samuel L. Jackson** "because his work is always risky, always fiercely intelligent."

Women also adore a good sense of humor, especially Sharon Stone, who says **Robin Williams** "touches my heart with his creative courage in the most profound way." And there's something to be said for sex appeal. Holly Hunter calls **Brad Pitt** "alluring and fun and wicked.... He's candy to my eye." Jodie Foster picks **Tom Cruise** because "I knew him when we were younger. He's very polite and sincere. He's incredibly un-lazy." Gena Rowlands is hot over working with **Sean Connery** on the upcoming *Playing by Heart*, while Angela Bassett remains faithful to her husband, **Courtney B. Vance**.

Julia Roberts picks both **Anthony Hopkins** and the late great **Richard Burton**. Roberts, in fact, is one of several actresses willing to rob the grave for a dream date. **Peter Sellers** gets a thumbs up from Joan Cusack ("I could have learned so much from working with him") and from Frances McDormand, who also mentions **Charles Laughton**. "I may not have wanted to have a cup of coffee with them," she says of the notoriously difficult duo, "but they were supremely talented."

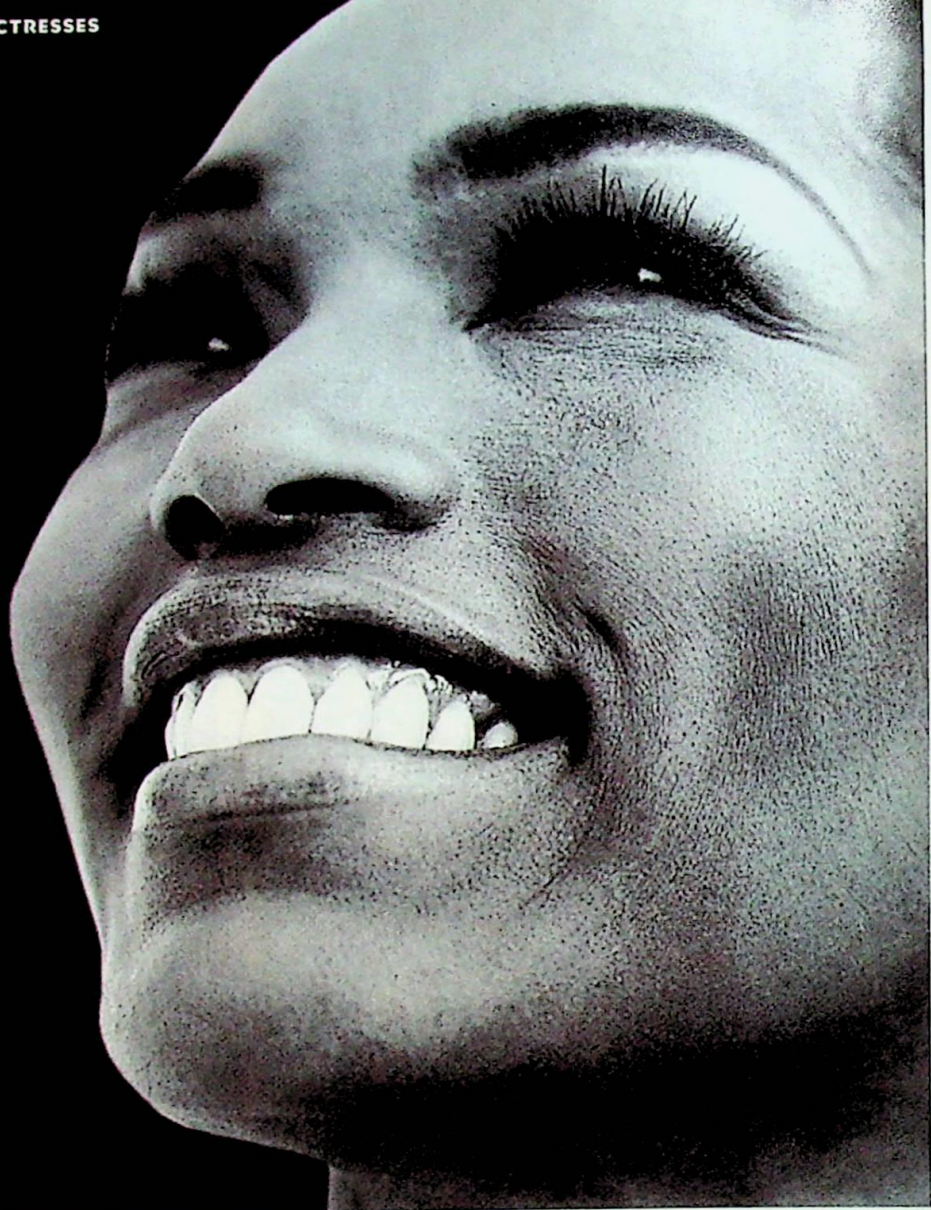
Meanwhile, Susan Sarandon has her eye on **James Dean**, who's "the embodiment of both the masculine and the feminine and therefore very, very surprising," and Laura Dern thinks **Jimmy Stewart** "would guide me in the art of simplicity." Finally, Emma Thompson is very excited about the impossible prospect of working with **Zero Mostel**. "Ideally," she says, "we would appear in a black comedy called *Dracula's Sister*, also starring **Gene Wilder** as a nervous priest, during which I would get to wear a fright wig. This would represent total job satisfaction." ■



"Angela possesses an overpowering spirit and versatility that allows her to reach deep emotional places other actors are unable to reach. She has the technique to manifest physical characterization that captures the details and vocal subtleties of human behavior that few artists are able to see. She's an artist warrior, with a will to dive into the work with her whole heart, complete being, and soul." —FOREST WHITAKER

It takes extraordinary skill to play rage with compassion, but Bassett, 40, is an alchemist, adept at inhabiting angry characters with just enough hurt that it's impossible not to care for them. Watch her muscle her way through Tina Turner's angst in *What's Love Got to Do With It*, or make vengeance her own as a wife done wrong in *Waiting to Exhale*. How many women can kick butt and make you cry at the same time? **DON'T MISS** *Malcolm X* (1992), *What's Love Got to Do With It* (1993), *Waiting to Exhale* (1995) **NEXT** The sci-fi thriller *Supernova* (Fall 1999); Wes Craven's *50 Violins* (1999)

ANGELA BASSETT



"In *The Wings of the Dove*, she was able to convince the audience that they could actually see what she was thinking. It was that whole unspoken narrative that she was able to convey that was so powerful." —Director IAIN SOFTLEY

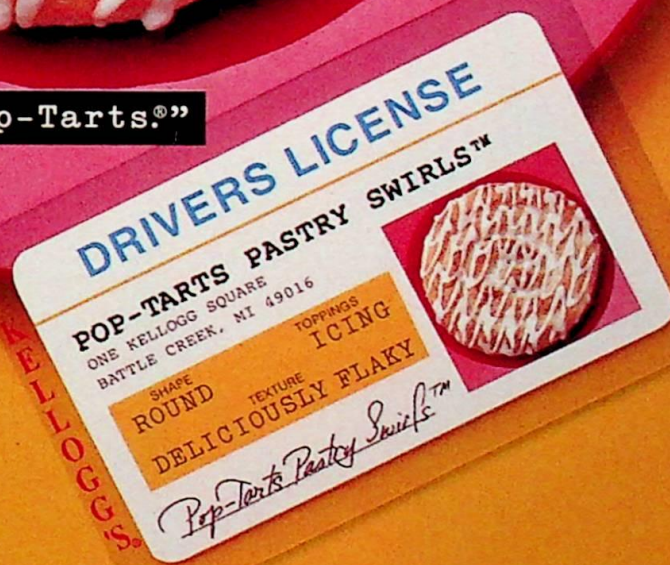
Actors like to talk about the physical and emotional components of their craft—how to loosen your body or free your feelings. Bonham Carter, 32, has plenty of physical and emotional skills but adds an element many of her colleagues lack: a mind in overdrive. Watching her Oscar-nominated *Wings of the Dove* performance is like studying the delicate gears of a Swiss watch: a model of flow and precision. **DON'T MISS** *Mighty Aphrodite* (1995), *The Wings of the Dove* (1997), *A Merry War* (1998) **NEXT** *The Theory of Flight*, in which she plays a woman with Lou Gehrig's disease, with Kenneth Branagh (Dec. 23)

HELENA

Bonham Carter



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"Gena was one of the best actresses of the '60s, '70s, '80s, and now the '90s. She's like vintage wine, velvet in any decade. It's her goodness as a person, that's what you see." —BEN GAZZARA

GENA

When *She's So Lovely* debuted in Cannes last year, the crowd broke into applause as soon as Rowlands popped up on screen. Sure, the audience was honoring her legacy; with fearless films like 1968's *Faces* and 1974's *A Woman Under the Influence*, she and her late husband, director John Cassavetes, cleared a path for the indie insurrection. But Rowlands, 64, does work that deserves an impulsive cheer. If America's truly the home of the brave, she's a national treasure. **DON'T MISS** *Something to Talk About* (1995), *Unhook the Stars* (1996), *The Mighty* (1998) **NEXT** *Playing by Heart*, with Sean Connery (Dec. 18)

Rowlands



Ever since Robert De Niro bought her breakfast in 1976's *Taxi Driver*, Foster, 36, has been one of our most consistently revelatory and complex actresses. Look beyond Anthony Hopkins' flashy, flesh-and-fava-bean-eating psycho and you'll see what *The Silence of the Lambs* is really about: a woman with a badge who becomes the unwitting prisoner, the analyst who becomes the patient. Here's hoping she doesn't spend *too* much time behind the camera. **DON'T MISS** *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991), *Little Man Tate* (which she also directed in 1991), *Nell* (1994) **NEXT** *Anna and the King*, with Chow Yun-Fat (currently in preproduction)

"She's been a great actress for so long that it's all instinct. You never see her trying or thinking about acting. She's a real actress who just happens to be a movie star." —SCOTT FRANK (screenwriter on *Little Man Tate*)

JODIE FOSTER

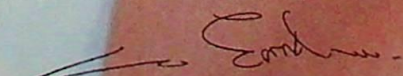
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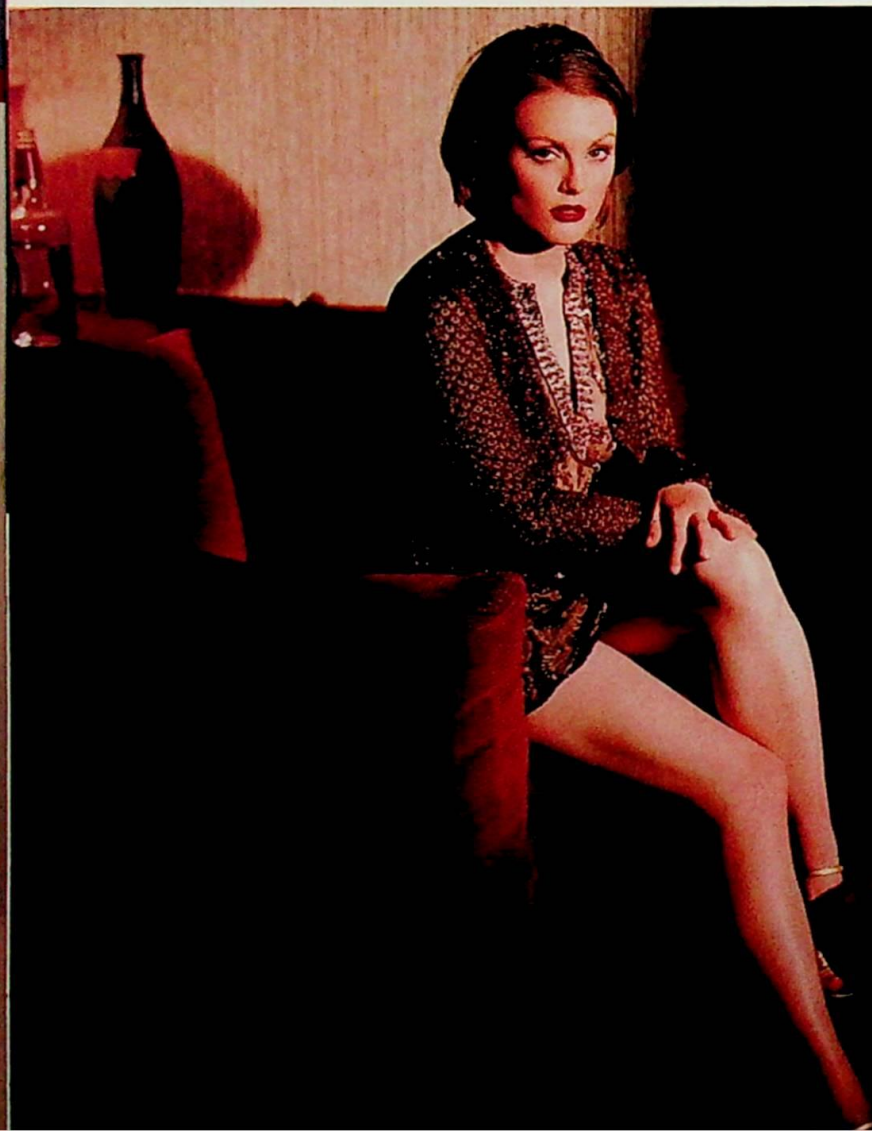
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"She breathes such inner life and inner strength into her characters. She's very real. I found her not at all aristocratic; I found her unpretentious." — *Deep Impact* director MIMI LEDER

VANESSA

She's calm in the middle of a frenzy; she conjures a frenzy when things are calm. When that comet is hurtling toward Earth in *Deep Impact* and a bunch of spies are rushing around like mice in *Mission: Impossible*, Redgrave, 61, conveys a cool tranquillity. But when all is quiet—in the hushed tea parlors of *Howards End* or *Mrs. Dalloway*, there's a tempest of emotion in this English monarch's eyes. DON'T MISS *Howards End* (1992), *Mission: Impossible* (1996), *Mrs. Dalloway* (1998) NEXT Director Tim Robbins' period dramedy *Cradle Will Rock* (fall 1999)

Redgrave



She's the porcelain-skinned female version of Harvey Keitel—and not just because of all those nude scenes. Her soft edges and fiery center enhance whatever she does, whether it's big-budget studio fare (*The Lost World*) or arty gems (her heartbreaking courthouse crying scene in *Boogie Nights* won Moore, 37, an Oscar nomination). DON'T MISS *Vanya on 42nd Street* (1994), *Safe* (1995), *Boogie Nights* (1997) NEXT *Psycho* (Dec. 4); Robert Altman's *Cookie's Fortune* (spring 1999); the period drama *An Ideal Husband*, with Minnie Driver and Rupert Everett (fall 1999); the drama *A Map of the World*, with Sigourney Weaver (1999); Neil Jordan's *End of the Affair*, with Ralph Fiennes (in development)

"There's just no hesitation to embarrass herself, to put herself out there, to be naked, to be coked up, to fight a dinosaur and be scared."
—PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON (writer-director of *Boogie Nights*)

JULIANNE MOORE

MERYL STREEP

"She is a sublimely insightful, poetic, and giving human being. Coupled with the fact that she is a master craftsman, that produces what everyone wishes for—a very fine artist." — JACK NICHOLSON

Dear Meryl: We're sorry for all the accent jokes. We've seen you in *Dancing at Lughnasa*, and your Irish cadences are downright musical. Every performance is an earthy delight, but what impresses us most is your range. Who knew you could be so funny (*Death Becomes Her*)? Or sing so well (*Postcards From the Edge*)? Or cut such a fine action figure (*The River Wild*)? At 49, you've already had 10 Oscar nominations, and nobody deserves them more because, frankly, nobody does it better. Cheers. **DON'T MISS** *Postcards From the Edge* (1990), *The Bridges of Madison County* (1995) *One True Thing* (1998) **NEXT** Wes Craven's *50 Violins* (1999)



"She's a good girl who can so easily be a bad girl....I haven't seen an actress since Bette Davis who can indicate such autonomy and independence and intelligence." — LYNDA OBST (producer of *The Siege*)

The most impressive thing about Bening isn't that she managed to marry the most ineligible bachelor of the 20th century, it's that the second she appears on screen, you forget she's Mrs. Warren Beatty. Whether she's giving out ditsy sex advice in *Postcards From the Edge*, scamming in *The Grifters*, or battling terrorists in *The Siege*, Bening, 40, is an old-fashioned movie star wrapped in an utterly modern package. **DON'T MISS** *The Grifters* (1990), *The American President* (1995), *Richard III* (1995) **NEXT** The black comedy *American Beauty*, with Kevin Spacey (fall 1999)

ANNETTE

Bening



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"Show me a nice actor and I'll show you a dull actor. Show me a wildcat and I'll show you a star. I like going to work with her because I know by the end of the day one of us is going to have a bloody nose." —JAMES WOODS

All right, settle down. Yes, she's often more adept at being a movie star than an actress. But when Stone, 40, puts her formidable mind to it, she shows equally formidable chops and range. Witness her knowing, I-get-the-joke femme-fatale turn in *Basic Instinct*, or her portrayal of an everymom in *The Mighty*, or her Oscar-nominated performance as a coked-up mommie fiercest in *Casino*. And when the movies are bad, she's better; by sheer force of her crazily balls-out persona, she turned *Diabolique* into a camp riot. **DON'T MISS** *Basic Instinct* (1992), *Casino* (1995), *Diabolique* (1996) **NEXT** Sidney Lumet's *Gloria* (March '99)

SHARON STONE



"Lili's both extremely serious and extremely unserious—which is what gives her so much depth. She comes prepared, but there's always something subversive and impulsive about her." —DAVID DUCHOVNY

She's a master of the damaged, the insecure, and the shockingly unstable. At 31, Taylor has proved herself an accomplished humanist in films as diverse as the tough-to-take *Girls Town*, Ron Howard's *Ransom* (as one of the kidnappers of Mel Gibson's child), and *I Shot Andy Warhol* (as the shooter). Whether her characters are confused or shattered, she graces each one with an arresting, world-weary wisdom. **DON'T MISS** *Household Saints* (1993), *Girls Town* (1996), *I Shot Andy Warhol* (1996) **NEXT** *The Haunting of Hill House*, directed by Jan De Bont (1999)

Lili Taylor

"Her multifaceted talent has allowed her to mainstream marginal characters—the mad, the power-hungry, and those driven by ambition. She makes these people believable and sympathetic. She's also one of the funniest actors alive when she wants to be. You might say I'm her No. 1 fan." —STEPHEN KING (author of *Misery*)

The lure of Kathy Bates is as simple as peach cobbler and vanilla ice cream: She's just plain good. Engaging, hilarious, and even terrifying, Bates, 50, is game for just about anything—from a sledgehammer-wielding, romance-novel-obsessed psycho (*Misery*) to a tortured soul in crisis (*Primary Colors*). And let's just say it wasn't Adam Sandler who got us in line for *The Waterboy*. **DON'T MISS** *Misery* (1990), *Fried Green Tomatoes* (1991), *Primary Colors* (1998) **NEXT** The courtroom drama *A Civil Action*, with John Travolta (Dec. 25)

Kathy Bates



JENNIFER JASON

"She's without vanity and attacks a role to find what is genuine and authentic about the character. The reason she's able to go to such dark places is because she has an incredibly light spirit."
—JOHN BENJAMIN HICKEY (now starring with Leigh in Broadway's *Cabaret*)

We like her rough, and this gal delivers. At her best—as the seabroos addict in *Georgia* or *Last Exit to Brooklyn*'s unhappy hooker—Leigh, 36, expertly exposes her ragged characters' deep wounds. With unflinching resolve, she never begs for any salve. DON'T MISS *Miami Blues* (1990), *Single White Female* (1992), *Georgia* (1995) NEXT David Cronenberg's futuristic thriller *eXistenZ* (April '99)

Leigh



NOBODY'S PERFECT

THE ACTRESSES CELEBRATED IN these pages share many grand, thespic traditions with classic screen queens of yore, including a tendency to turn in the occasional thwackingly bad performance. As Kate Hepburn had *A Woman Rebels*, Bette Davis had *The Bride Came C.O.D.*, and Joan Crawford had everything after *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, so do our modern greats have their lapses. Prime candidates to strike from the résumé:

ANGELA BASSETT *Vampire in Brooklyn* (1995) Two years after her breakthrough as Tina Turner, Bassett found herself in an Elvira fright

wig as Eddie Murphy's half-vampire quarry. "That part of me must die!" she moans. She's probably *still* moaning it.

GLENN CLOSE *Maxie* (1985) Quick: It's 1985 and you're casting for a timid secretary possessed by the spirit of a 1920s flapper. Goldie Hawn, maybe? Sorry, you're stuck with Close, who is to screwball comedy what Arnold Schwarzenegger is to ballet.

JODIE FOSTER *Svengali* (1983) Stranded between tough-youth roles and the finesse that came with 1988's *The Accused*, an awkward,

callow Foster mangles the part of a singer turned schlock-pop star by vocal guru Peter O'Toole.

HOLLY HUNTER *Crash* (1997) In a movie shocking in theory and numb in the telling, the actress zombotically plays a physician sexually turned on by car pileups. Wrong turn.

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH *The Hudsucker Proxy* (1994) The most mannered of modern actresses, Leigh usually catches fire, but sometimes she's all wet. Her hard-boiled reporter in this Coen brothers oddity stands as the worst performance Katharine Hepburn never gave.

JULIA ROBERTS *Everyone Says I Love You* (1996) The conceit of this Woody Allen cringefest is that ordinary (rich) people can break into musical numbers. But Roberts is hardly ordinary—until she tunelessly warbles "All My Life."

SIGOURNEY WEAVER *Half Moon Street* (1986) Harvard-educated Middle East expert? High-priced London call girl? Even Weaver can't figure out who she's playing here. Still, if you've ever wanted to see the actress riding topless on an exercise bike while answering film trivia, have we got a movie for you. —Ty Burr

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POT The THICKENS

JULIA ROBERTS' \$17 MILLION PAYDAY SETS A RECORD FOR ACTRESSES, BUT THE MEN ARE STILL AHEAD

EXCEPT FOR THE NUMBER OF ZEROS AT THE END, MOVIE stars' salaries are a lot like the rest of America's. White men (like Cruise and Hanks) make the most—and then there's everybody else. But last month, Julia Roberts struck a blow on behalf of womankind. She signed on to Paramount's *Runaway Bride*, a romantic comedy that will reteam her with her *Pretty Woman* costar Richard Gere for a record-shattering \$17 million up front. That puts her within striking distance of the whopping \$20–25 million salaries commanded by Hollywood's leading men.

Meanwhile, Meg Ryan, who received \$10.5 million for the upcoming *You've Got Mail*, is now asking for—and will probably get—\$15 million for her next role, the same fee that Jodie Foster is making for Fox 2000's *Anna and the King*, a retelling of the *King and I* tale. Are the barriers finally being shattered?

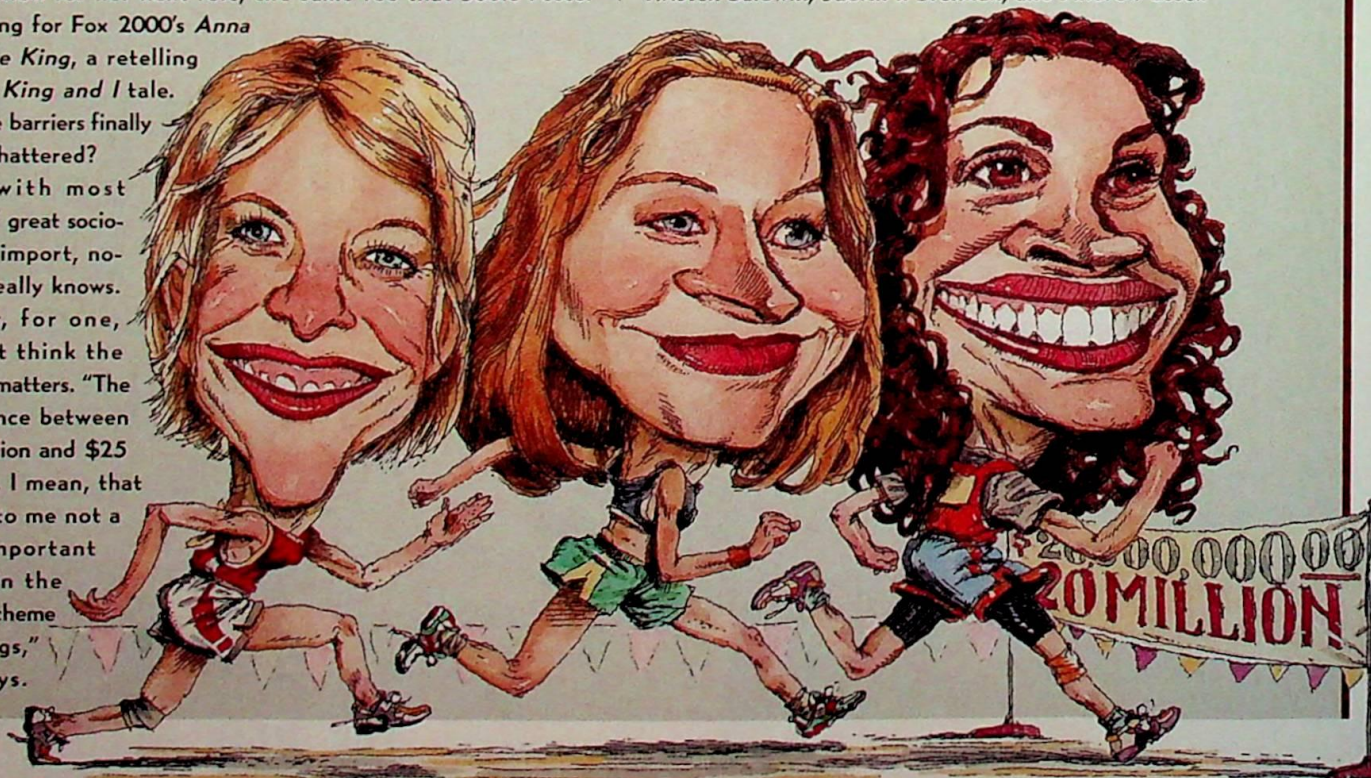
As with most signs of great sociological import, nobody really knows. Foster, for one, doesn't think the money matters. "The difference between \$15 million and \$25 million, I mean, that seems to me not a very important thing in the grand scheme of things," she says.

"Much more important is that there are virtually no female directors. That's a place where you can really see some biases and prejudices." One DreamWorks executive, a woman, thinks the actresses' gains are just temporary: "When women start getting \$20 million, it's when men start getting \$30 million. That's just the way it is."

Still, the higher actress salaries do indicate a shift in the Hollywood power structure: It's becoming clear that female stars can fill seats. Roberts' *My Best Friend's Wedding* grossed \$127 million domestically, Foster's *Contact* made an impressive \$101 million, and Ryan's charmer *City of Angels* grossed \$79 million (though the presence of Nicolas Cage probably helped).

And the numbers don't tell the whole story. Another factor, says Roberts' agent, Elaine Goldsmith-Thomas, is the slow death of the studios' boys'-club atmosphere. "There are more women in powerful executive positions now," says Goldsmith-Thomas, referring to Paramount's Sherry Lansing, Sony's Lucy Fisher, and Universal's Stacey Snider. "Stacey called me about *My Best Friend's Wedding* the second she read it," says Goldsmith-Thomas. "And it turns out she was right. It appealed to a lot of people in America."

But you've got to sell overseas to make the big per-picture bucks. That's why international faves like Harrison Ford, Mel Gibson, Jim Carrey, and Arnold Schwarzenegger are in the high-end salary range—though it should be noted that the \$228 million worldwide take of Schwarzenegger's 1997 *Batman & Robin* was \$66 million less than that of *My Best Friend's Wedding*, released the same summer. The irony isn't lost on Roberts. "It's kind of silly that there's this gap," says the Highest-Paid Movie Actress in History. "I've seen enough bizarre responses to things that I think, Wow, people really are into this chick-stay-down-boy-come-up thing. But we'll beat their asses—eventually." —Tricia Laine, with additional reporting by Kristen Baldwin, Judith I. Brennan, and Andrew Essex





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"It's not like you have to lead her in improvisation. You say what you want, and she delivers. You roll camera, she's *there*. I don't know where in her life such intense emotion might come from. But I knew I could depend on it."

—ANG LEE (director of *The Ice Storm*)

Has anybody illuminated the depths of marital strife with more variegated results than Allen? She's enacted the rage, grief, and unrequited passion of troubled, often-cheated-on wives in films as diverse as the action movie *Face/Off*, the searing biopic *Nixon*, and the period drama *The Crucible*. Now lighting up *Pleasantville* as a sexually liberated sitcom mom, Allen, 42, is the emotional center of gravity in any scene. **DON'T MISS** *Nixon* (1995), *The Crucible* (1996), *The Ice Storm* (1997) **NEXT** The gun-control drama *All the Rage*, with Gary Sinise (shooting in '99)

JOAN

Allen

"Incapable of being bad, she's not only a natural actress, she's also the hardest-working actress I've ever known. She's brave and honest and doesn't need to have perfect hair and makeup in a waking-up scene. I love her."

—BILLY BOB THORNTON

Being the daughter of movie stars (Bruce Dern and Diane Ladd), Dern, 31, has fashioned an ironic career for herself, specializing in low-rent girls in trouble—like the oversexed young woman in *Rambling Rose* (which brought a Best Actress Oscar nomination) and the glue-sniffing abortion-debate pawn in *Citizen Ruth* (which *should* have brought her a nomination). She's outrageously provocative, but never a caricature. **DON'T MISS** *Wild at Heart* (1990), *Rambling Rose* (1991), *Citizen Ruth* (1996) **NEXT** The '50s period piece *October Sky* (March '99); *Daddy and Them*, directed by Billy Bob Thornton (Fall '99)

LAURA
DERN



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WHO'S NEXT

THE DAZZLING DOZEN: OUR BEST BETS FOR THE GREATEST ACTRESSES OF THE COMING DECADE

THESE WOMEN MAY BE YOUNG, RELATIVELY INEXPERIENCED, or still swimming outside the mainstream, but they've got the talent and potential to be Hollywood players for years to come.

CATE BLANCHETT 29 She sculpts carefully defined, complicated, and often contradictory characters with both whimsy and intelligence. Following strong debuts in 1997's *Paradise Road* and *Oscar and Lucinda* with this year's *Elizabeth*, she's announcing her presence with authority.

CLAIRE DANES 19 Blessed with liquid eyes, a coy smile, and substantial

talent, Danes is a quiet pleasure to watch; that she's still best known for TV's *My So-Called Life* says that she's gotta start picking better roles. Will next year's *Mod Squad* fit the bill?

JANEANE GAROFALO 34 A lacerating geek-hip goddess, Garofalo displayed leading-lady potential in *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* but has otherwise been the best thing in bad movies from *Clay Pigeons* to *The Matchmaker*. Imagine what she could do in good ones.

ANNE HECHT 29 Her acting chops may have been obscured by Ellen's in-and-out hype, but check out her coiled turns in *Donnie Brasco* and *Return to Paradise*. She's fearless about risk taking (who else would dare step into Janet Leigh's shower stall in the upcoming *Psycho*?).

ASHLEY JUDD 30 She looks like an angel but has the toughness to master Oscar-caliber roles. Judd's made some questionable choices (*Simon Birch*?), but her gritty performances in *Smoke* and *Heat* are must-sees.

CATHERINE KEENER 39 A serious indie player, the sexy, icy Keener is most adept at painting smart, complex portraits of conflicted modern women (*Your Friends and Neighbors*, *Walking and Talking*, *Living in Oblivion*), often in just a few scenes.

LAURA LINNEY 34 It's easy to understand why Clint Eastwood hand-picked her for *Absolute Power*—she's smart, engaging, and a pleasure to watch on screen. Playing off her apple-cheeked, wholesomer-than-thou looks in *The Truman Show* was nothing less than a masterstroke.

THANDIE NEWTON 27 Her visceral performance in *Beloved* finally showed what dogs like *Jefferson in Paris* kept hidden—fierce, studious talent. Rumored to be teaming with Tom Cruise and Ving Rhames in the upcoming *Mission: Impossible* sequel.

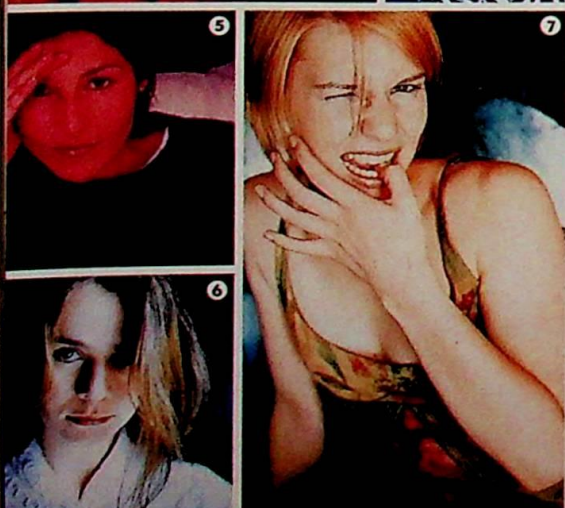
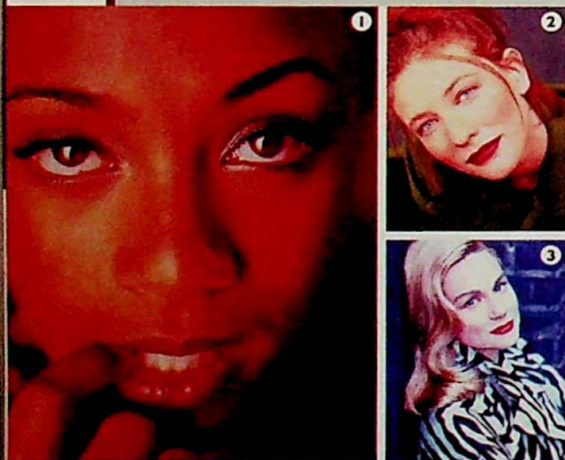
MARY-LOUISE PARKER 34 One of New York's most delightfully idiosyncratic stage presences has yet to have her

abilities sufficiently exploited on screen. When she works (*Fried Green Tomatoes*, *Bullets Over Broadway*) she's one of our most versatile performers.

JADA PINKETT SMITH 27 Don't let the wispy frame (or the woeful Woo) fool you. Whether it's drama (*Set It Off*) or comedy (*The Nutty Professor*), she's a welcome, bracing jolt of energy who dominates the screen.

CHRISTINA RICCI 18 Since 1991's *The Addams Family*, she has been bewitching audiences with black-as-midnight turns, and 1998 was her best year yet (*Buffalo 66*, *The Opposite of Sex*). She's swiftly completed that rare transition from child actor to just plain actor.

EMILY WATSON 31 Two intense, dreamlike performances in *Breaking the Waves* and *The Boxer* revealed mesmerizing potential. For '99, high hopes ride on her starring role in the screen adaptation of the best-seller *Angela's Ashes*. —Daniel Fierman



THE LADIES WHO'VE LAUNCHED Pinkett Smith (1), Blanchett (2), Linney (3), Ricci (4), Keener (5), Watson (6), Danes (7), Judd (8), and Hecht (9)



"Never has such a beautiful woman been willing to be so grotesque. She embraces the most awkward and even painful parts of her characters. She's also marvelous to be around, [except] she has a horrifying laugh. It's such a sort of cackle, I'm happy I'm not married to her." —Director BARRY SONNENFELD

RuPaul must envy her hair: way big for a secretary in *Working Girl*, silky blond for *Addams Family Values*' deranged nanny, frumpy brunet for *In & Out*'s jilted bride. But it's what she does with the rubbery face beneath those bangs that has so far clinched the 36-year-old two Oscar nominations for Best Supporting Actress (and her own in-the-works sitcom). When she flashes her eyes, perpetually in danger of crossing, Cusack finds the soul inside the cartoon. **DON'T MISS** *Working Girl* (1988), *Addams Family Values* (1993), *In & Out* (1997) **NEXT** *Arlington Road*, with Tim Robbins (Jan. 15); a voice in the *Toy Story* sequel (1999); *Runaway Bride*, with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts (Summer '99)

JOAN CUSACK



"She seems to have an awareness that by taking risks and doing things that make her uncomfortable, she'll be able to access things that take her abilities even further." —BILLY CRUDUP (costarred with McDormand in *Off Broadway's Oedipus*)

She can seem competent and utterly zany at the same time—and more than willing to throw glamour out the window. In her Oscar-winning turn as the wise but simple cop in the Coen brothers' *Fargo*, she solved crimes, wiped her nose, and carried her pregnancy with equal nonchalance. McDormand, 41, doesn't muck up her characters with any extra fluff; rather, she rolls up her sleeves and finds their steady—if quirky—centers. **DON'T MISS** *Short Cuts* (1993), *Lone Star* (1996), *Fargo* (1996) **NEXT** Undecided

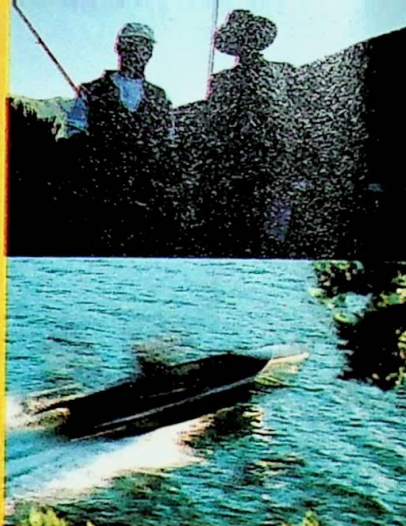
McDormand

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GLENN CLOSE

"Glenn Close works like a sculptor, continuously shaping, reshaping, and polishing her performance until it is seamless." —ROBERT ALTMAN

She earned our respect in the '80s with *The Big Chill* and *Fatal Attraction*. Since then, Close, 51, has been doing the ice-queen meltdown better than anyone, stripping the veneer off characters and exposing their raw, brittle essences. Off camera, she's got a rowdy sense of humor; on screen, she's one powerful presence (the terrorists of *Air Force One* were lucky she wasn't on that plane). **DON'T MISS** *Reversal of Fortune* (1990), *Hamlet* (1990), *101 Dalmatians* (1996) **NEXT** The Southern whodunit *Cookie's Fortune*, with Julianne Moore (Spring '99)

"She doesn't work as much as she should. She's definitely one of the best people working today, and I hope people stop sleeping on her talent." —SPIKE LEE

ALFRE

In every one of her movies, Woodard, 45, finds a transcendent moment of calm. She may be fearful of violence, as in the



South African drama *Bopha!*, or frustrated by bitchery, as a nurse in *Passion Fish*, but what a delight it is when she takes a breath and lets the cares of the day simply flicker across her eyelids. **DON'T MISS** *Passion Fish* (1992), *Crooklyn* (1994), HBO's *Miss Evers' Boys* (1997) **NEXT** The family drama *Down in the Delta*, directed by Maya Angelou (Dec. 25)

Woodard

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EDITED BY JESS CAGLE AND MARK HARRIS

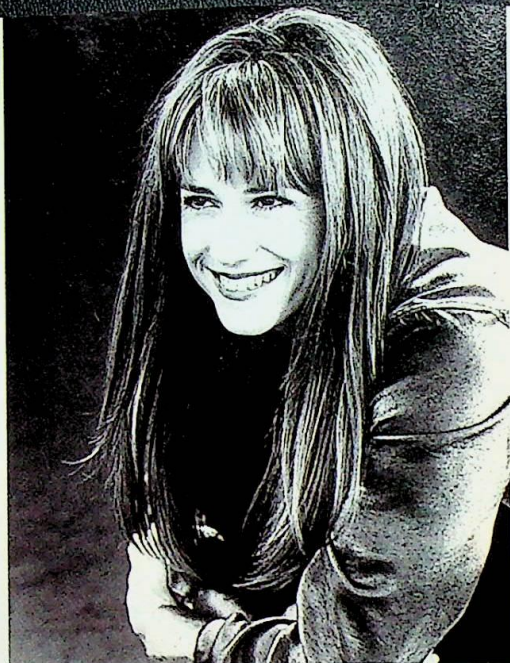
Written and reported by Rebecca Ascher-Walsh
Steve Daly
Daniel Fierman
Jeff Gordinier
David Hochman
Dave Karger
Christopher Nashawaty
Degen Perer
Tim Purtell
Joshua Rich
Benjamin Svetkey

HOLLY

"She's so incredibly fierce that it almost makes her funny. She saw that horrible, horrible, horrible pink coat and she said, 'I have to wear this for the whole movie.'"
—JODIE FOSTER (director of *Home for the Holidays*)

At 5 foot 1, she may well be the tiniest member of our crew, but don't be fooled: Her '89 romp *Miss Firecracker* could have been named for her. After using her swampy drawl to hysterical effect in 1987's *Raising Arizona* and *Broadcast News*, Hunter, 40, won an Oscar for playing a mute woman in *The Piano*. But let her rip (*A Life Less Ordinary*, *Living Out Loud*), and you'll see that the molasses is flammable. **DON'T MISS** *The Piano* (1993), *Home for the Holidays* (1995), *Living Out Loud* (1998) **NEXT** The indie drama *Woman Wanted*, costarring and directed by Kiefer Sutherland (in postproduction)

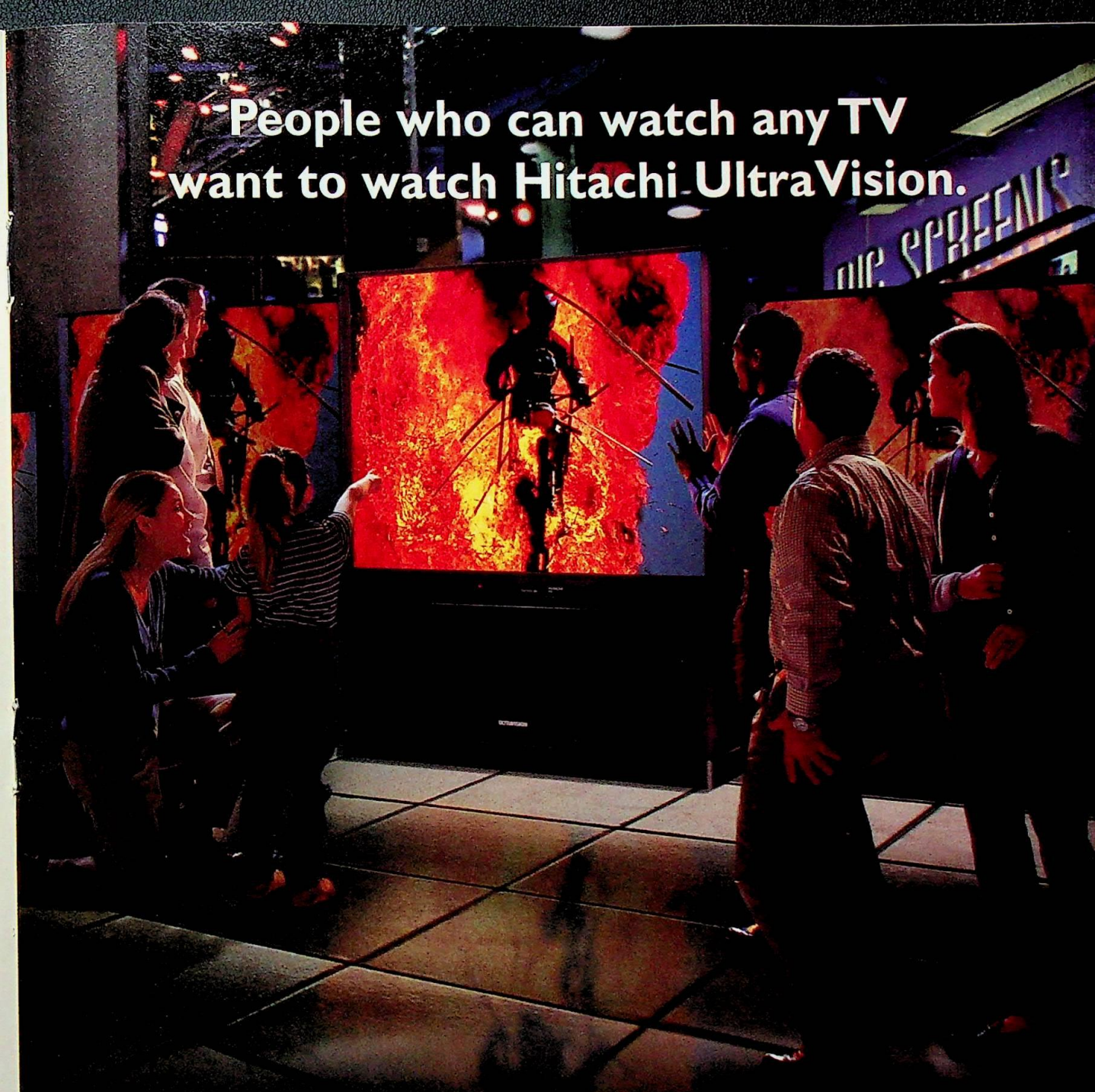
Hunter



"Michelle appears to be so solid, and at other moments so fragile—it's a mysterious quality, a kind of transparency, and it's something she understands how to control. That makes her a great star." —MARTIN SCORSESE

Being earth's most beautiful woman isn't the only reason she's on this list: Pfeiffer, 41, is equally at home playing a drug-addled mobster mistress (*Scarface*), slithering across a piano (*The Fabulous Baker Boys*), and flirting with social disaster (*The Age of Innocence*). Her slinky Catwoman in *Batman Returns* remains the franchise's best villain. **Rowrrrrr.** **DON'T MISS** *Batman Returns* (1992), *The Age of Innocence* (1993), *One Fine Day* (1996) **NEXT** A voice in *The Prince of Egypt* (Dec. 18); *Deep End of the Ocean*, with Whoopi Goldberg (Feb. 26)

MICHELLE PFEIFFER



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REVIEWS

A CRITICAL LOOK AT THIS WEEK IN ENTERTAINMENT

MOVIES



Good Will Hunting

As an innocent family man, Will Smith is targeted by a ruthless techno-threat in *Enemy of the State*. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

THE HIGHEST-RANKING threat to the constitutionally guaranteed rights of decent, hardworking Americans in **Enemy of the State** is Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight), a pinch-faced National Security Agency control freak who's never less than Teutonically groomed: Even when he sticks a gun in someone's face, he doesn't break a sweat in his boxy, G-man overcoat.

Enemy of the State

STARRING
Will Smith
Gene Hackman
TOUCHSTONE
RATED R
127 MINUTES

But the real power belongs to the pasty, flabby, greasy, brainy, glibly amoral young gearheads who do Reynolds' bidding. Slumped at their computer keyboards reconfiguring satellite coordinates to track unsuspecting citizens with pinpoint precision or hunched in unmarked trucks monitoring illegal wiretaps, these hackers are the latest, most dangerous new

mutant species of AV-squad geek. They're proof that mothers are right to worry about the hours the kiddies spend on the Internet. They're the new face of computer-literate evil. They're cheesed that Fox Mulder's Lone Gunmen have rejected them for *X-Files* membership. And they're taking it out on you and me.

This is who rules today's wired universe—and who writes movie scripts in Holly-

wood. (Actually, David Marconi wrote this screenplay, having explored paranoia and organ-transplant scams with *The Harvest*.)

Of course, techno-paranoia is always a great jump start for a story, and headline-driven anxiety hangs clammy in the air these days. (*The Siege* and upcoming *Arlington Road* play on another biggie, the terrorist enemy without—and within.) Two dozen years after Francis Ford Coppola's great privacy-violation nightmare *The Conversation*, Tony Scott (who most recently directed *The Fan*), working, as he did in *Top Gun* and *Crimson Tide*, with producer Jerry

THE RUNNING MAN A fleet-footed Smith dresses for egress in *Enemy*

Bruckheimer (who most recently delivered *Armageddon*), has come up with a high-adrenaline, high-concept action thriller that mixes hot-button issues of privacy and surveillance, easy-to-identify good and bad guys, attention-getting stars, and well-choreographed chase scenes, then sexes up the works with an array of supercool hardware and software you'll wish you were getting for your birthday. And if that sounds like a lot of stuff thrown on one screen, it is: Following standard Scott/Bruckheimer operating procedure, *Enemy of the State* is built for speed, then slowed by excess and glandular fever.

At heart, it's an American success story about a man whose life is unlawfully invaded by rogue government operatives, who fights back, and who wins. Robert Clayton Dean (Will Smith), a hard-charging Washington, D.C., labor lawyer with a spicy wife (*Jerry Maguire*'s wonderful Regina King, once again playing nobody's fool) and a cute son (Jascha Washington), knows nothing about the NSA-coordinated murder of a congressman (a surprise Grand Old Actor, offed before the opening credits roll). But a former college friend (*Chasing Amy*'s Jason Lee), who accidentally caught the murder on tape, speeds by Dean while running from spooks in pursuit and drops the evidence into the attorney's bag of Christmas gifts. Dean doesn't know what he's carrying, but the trackers do, and they proceed to hunt him down as (I hope) only movie-enhanced operatives can: ruthlessly canceling his credit cards, rifling through his bank statements and phone bills, and—most outrageous of all in movie

morality—threatening his wife's fluffy little dog.

Will Smith, with his attractive air of contented self-assurance, is a fresh choice for the victim, in a role not once played for laughs: Dean's growing anxiety and fury as he begins to realize that he's a deliberate, and not accidental, target, culminates in a nerve-fraying pursuit through a tunnel full of speeding traffic, where outrage spurs him to superhuman, I'll-be-damned resourcefulness and running speed. But the smart lawyer still doesn't get that with bugs planted in his pants, shoes, wristwatch, and a pen, he's become a walking bull's-eye. For that bit of insider info, he needs the help of the one-named Brill, played by Gene Hackman with no subtle nod to his starring role in *The Conversation*. Brill is a reformed pirate who split from the NSA after teaching them everything they know ("You won the war, now we're fighting the peace," his old colleague and current nemesis Reynolds tells him)—and who, therefore, lives in a bug-proof, survivalist's bunker of his own design, ruing (and monitoring) the technological Pandora's box he has opened.

He's also—with all deference to Hackman's gusto as an eccentric techno-hermit—absurd. And as it loops, doubles back, and spins to a blowout conclusion, *Enemy of the State* runs out of juice, out of RAM, out of any jargon you'd like to add to describe plot meltdown. Will Smith may have saved the world once again, but in the Scott/Bruckheimer Bill of Rights, blowing stuff up is fundamentally more important than the right to chat at home without having a listening device planted in the ceiling. **B**

REELWORLD

This week in Hollywood by Jessica Shaw



'SAVING PRIVATE RYAN'

■ **PRIVATES SCREENING** If imitation—with a dose of castration—is the sincerest form of flattery, **Steven Spielberg** should be thrilled. *Saving Private Ryan* has "inspired" the short film *Saving Ryan's Privates*, about a team of soldiers (led by former *Studs* host **Mark DeCarlo**) who are ordered to retrieve...well, you get the idea. "Doing a spoof is the best way to get attention in Hollywood," says the

eight-minute comedy's director, **Craig Moss**, who shot *Privates* over a weekend with a budget of \$6,500 (contributed by Moss and writers **Brent Goldberg** and **David Wagner**). And like other comedic shorts *The Spirit of Christmas*, *Swing Blade*, and *Troops*, the *Privates* tape is making it into some of the more powerful VCRs in town—Moss, who is shopping around a comedy script, has already gotten praise from execs at Sony, New Line, and DreamWorks. "The nicest thing I heard was that someone was going to see the original because of our little movie," he says. "It's always nice to be able to help out Steven Spielberg."

■ **STARVED FOR ATTENTION** MGM has just dug its teeth into *Munchies*, a horror movie about a group of anorexic high school girls, known as the "stick chicks," who cope with their disorder by eating fellow classmates. The script, by **David Kukoff** and **Matt Roshkow**, is being rushed into production with an eye toward a premillennial release. "This isn't going to be an ABC *Afterschool Special* about anorexia," says Roshkow. Of course, like any teen horror flick worth its weight in Biore strips, a sequel is already in the works. The title? "*Munchies 2: The Freshman Fifteen*," jokes Kukoff. "Let's just say, it's not just the cafeteria food."

■ **DIVA DEVELOPMENT** 101 Maybe while rehearsing for their *Prince of Egypt* duet, **Whitney Houston** gave **Mariah Carey** notes on becoming a movie star. According to insiders, Carey is considering taking a small role in *The Bachelor*, New Line's romantic comedy starring **Chris O'Donnell** as a commitment-phobic guy with 24 hours to find a wife so he can inherit millions. She'd play one of O'Donnell's exes with whom he tries to reconcile. Although New Line has no comment, a source close to the singer says that role is one option among "various cameos." ■



CAREY



BUG'S FUNNY Heimlich (with Slim and Francis) takes center stage

Pest Picture

Toy Story's creators hatch *A Bug's Life*, a visually dazzling yet oddly distant animated spectacle

A Bug's Life MAY BE THE single most amazing film I've ever seen that I couldn't fall in love with. The second computer-animated feature from the wizards at Pixar, who made the great, exhilarating *Toy Story* (1995), it's a hellzapoppin' creepy-crawly jamboree—a wryly teeming comedy set in a mad, mad world of backyard bugs, who have been brought to life with a technical ingenuity so extraordinary it may well transcend that of any previous animated film. Zip-zappy and supersmart, crammed with busy, caroming sight gags that escalate with a near-atomic frenzy, *A Bug's Life* is like a fireworks show that's too big and bursting to take in. It's so obsessed with wowing you, in every corner of every frame, that as a *movie* it doesn't quite breathe. John Lasseter, the creative guru of Pixar (and the film's primary director), is undeniably some sort of whacked genius, but you can feel how hard he's working to top himself and everyone else. He has made a kiddie flick that's about nothing so much as its own virtuosity—less an ingratiating entertainment than a crazily

spinning gyroscopic feat.

The animation, from its opening frames, is miraculous. We're near a tree trunk in the glorious sun, where a friendly army of ants is placing seeds atop a giant, rickety pile, all as a ritual offering to a tribe of grasshopper bullies. Everything is gleaming yet tactile, from the swaying grass blades to the insects' faces and bodies, which cast the subtlest of shadows and reflect slivers of light.

The images have an eerie, sculpted vitality that literally seduces your eye into forgetting it's watching animation.

For a while, you revel in the textures, and in the amiable tale of Flik (voiced by Dave Foley), the renegade-nerd hero, who in his effort to invent a one-man-band grain-transport system accidentally spills the offering into a puddle. When the grasshoppers arrive, led by the Darth Vaderish Hopper (voiced with implacable comic menace by Kevin Spacey), they're hopping mad, and Flik, eager to save face, volunteers to head off into the wilds, round up some warrior bugs, and bring them back to defend the colony. The best he can offer, though, is a motley troupe of flea-circus performers—a grouchy he-man ladybug (Denis Leary), a velvety black widow (Bonnie Hunt), a snooty stick bug (David Hyde Pierce), and an exuberantly squishy and corpulent German caterpillar (Joe Ranft).

It's at the circus that the

movie goes blissfully haywire, as the gags explode with an intricate slapstick freneticism that walks a thin line between exuberant and exhausting. The staging, while ingenious, is often too fast for words—or pleasure. *Toy Story* had an inspired script, but the wit in *A Bug's Life* is nearly all visual, and though some of the jokes are great (a homeless bug brandishes the sign “Kid pulled my wings off”), the insects, as splendid and funny as they are to look at, remain strangely one-note characters. The climax, which hinges on the colony's construction of an elaborate fake bird to scare the grasshoppers, is at once surreal and wobbly; that bird is beautiful, but the story arc lacks thrust. The unhinged inventiveness of *A Bug's Life* is, on some level, awesome, and I greatly enjoyed moments of the movie, but it left me, overall, feeling slightly dazed. The film may just signal a new phenomenon: imagination overkill. **B**—Owen Gleiberman

A Bug's Life

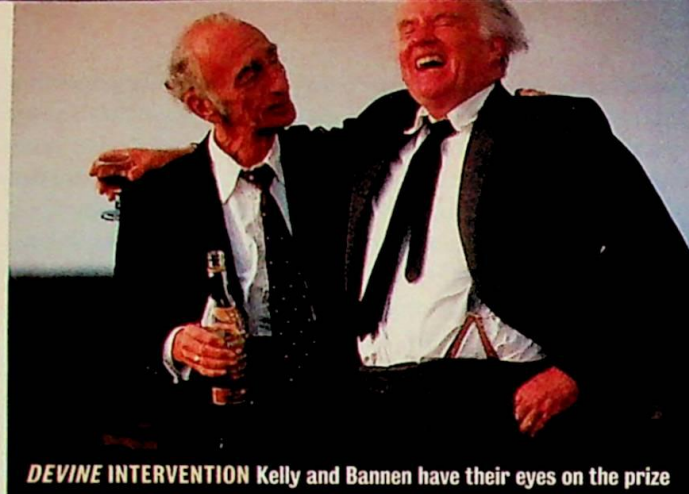
VOICES BY
Dave Foley
Kevin Spacey
DISNEY
RATED G
86 MINUTES

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	CINEMASCOPE Audiences across the U.S.	ROGER EBERT Fable & Fact	GENE SISKEL Star & Exit	JAMIE BERNARD Freaky Reader Syndrome	CARRIE RICEY Knight-Ridder Syndrome	MIKE CLARK 100% Fudge	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
A Bug's Life DISNEY	—	—	—	—	—	A	B	A-
Celebrity MIRAMAX	—	C	B	B	C+	A	B-	B
Enemy of the State TOUCHSTONE	—	—	—	C	—	B+	B	B-
Gods and Monsters LIONS GATE	—	B	B+	A+	B+	—	A	A-
I Still Know What You Did Last Summer COLUMBIA	B	D	D	F	C-	F	C	D
Meet Joe Black UNIVERSAL	A-	B	B+	D	B-	B	B-	B-
The Siege 20TH CENTURY FOX	B-	C+	B+	C	B-	B-	B-	B-
Velvet Goldmine MIRAMAX	—	C	D	B-	D	C+	B+	C
Waking Ned Devine FOX SEARCHLIGHT	—	B+	—	B-	—	—	A-	B+
The Waterboy TOUCHSTONE	A-	D	F	B	C+	D-	D-	D+

>> Critical Mass Interactive: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com <<



DEVINE INTERVENTION Kelly and Bannen have their eyes on the prize

Whole Lotto Love

A winning lottery ticket invigorates a sleepy Irish village in the fanciful comedy *Waking Ned Devine*

OLD PEOPLE, LIKE YOUNG children, can be charming movie subjects—until they begin to believe reports of their own cuteness: Then they become the Olsen twins or the rapping granny in *The Wedding Singer*. The grand pleasure of *Waking Ned Devine*, a snappy, sunny Irish comedy from writer-director Kirk Jones set in a wee hamlet temperamentally related to the population of *Local Hero* and the blithe 1949 comedy *Tight Little Island*, is that the aging community at the center of the hilarity behaves with dignity—or at least dignity as defined in Glocca Morra.

Jones has said he got the notion for his first feature film from a newspaper story he read about the postmistress of a tiny town who struck lottery gold. In *Ned*, residents are in a tizzy because *someone* has won a fortune, but no one has come forward to claim it—despite the best investigative efforts of pensioners Jackie O'Shea and Michael O'Sullivan (Ian Bannen and David Kelly). And then, when they do finally

track down the winner, old Ned Devine, they discover (I promise you, I'm not spoiling anything)—he's dead, done in by shock, still clutching the prize ticket in his stiff mitt.

What happens afterward in this nutty lark (shot with affection on the beautiful Isle of Man), as Jackie and Michael try to hang on to their dream of millions, unfolds with such unforced inevitability that absurdity never condescends to sticky adorableness. Vigilant against sugar rot, long-lasting character actors Bannen (*Braveheart*) and Kelly (best known here from TV's *Fawlty Towers*) maintain aplomb even when buck naked (for

which, I'm betting, Fox Searchlight is going to try pushing this, wrongly, as another *Full Monty*). But they're helped, too, by a supporting cast who briskly go about the business of playing a stinky pig farmer, a lovelorn single mother, a hapless lottery official, even the village spoilsport, without ever succumbing to that widespread movie affliction Irish Twinkle. **A-** —LS

Waking Ned Devine

STARRING
David Kelly
Ian Bannen

FOX
SEARCHLIGHT
RATED PG
91 MINUTES

Only the Lonely

Meryl Streep leads a clan of lovelorn lasses in *Dancing at Lughnasa*, a drama that loses its footing

"YOU DO NOT DANCE!" That's Kate Mundy (Meryl Streep), the eldest of five mousy, affection-starved sisters living under one roof in the Irish countryside during the mid-'30s, as she lays down the law according to her life-is-suffering principles. She might just as well have said, You do not laugh, love, or have fun. *Dancing at Lughnasa*, an adaptation of Brian Friel's Tony Award-winning play, follows

Kate's principles all too scrupulously. It's a tale of loneliness and repression that is itself dismally repressed—sodden and static, strung together out of limp anecdotes, too enervated (or just plain wimpy) to depict the rage that bubbles up out of a lifetime's excess of dainty civility.

This is the sort of movie in which one sister will murmur something about how nice it would be to attend the local dance, and Kate will look at her as if she had just suggested holding an orgy in church. Friel was obviously going for a Chekhovian flavor, but what *Dancing at Lughnasa* is miss-

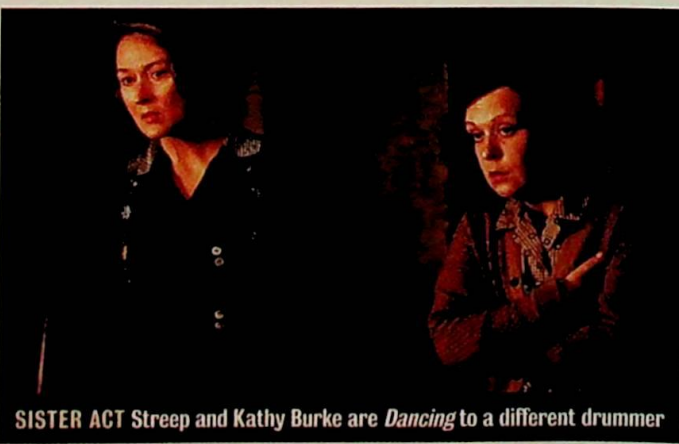
ing, at least as a movie (I never saw it on stage), is Chekhov's underlying life force—the dramatic charge of people reconnecting, however tragically, to the emotions that have been stomped out of their lives. (It's that same charge that Maggie Smith brought to her great spinster heroines in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*.) Streep, who gave a robust theatrical performance as

the dying homemaker of *One True Thing*, is back to letting her cool technique—softly cadenced brogue, etc.—do the acting for her. Of course, any film called *Dancing at Lughnasa*

is certain to contain a big dance scene, and this one does, but it's a doozy of unintentional absurdity. When the sisters finally let down their hair and kick up their clogs, their celebration, which is meant to send us out feeling good, is so gratuitously exultant that it's as if the cast of a leaden production of *Three Sisters* had suddenly turned into a Michael Flatley kick line. **D+** —OG

Dancing at Lughnasa

STARRING
Meryl Streep
Kathy Burke
SONY PICTURES
CLASSICS
RATED PG-13
94 MINUTES

SISTER ACT Streep and Kathy Burke are *Dancing* to a different drummer



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David Robinson: Professional shaver.



OFF-CENTER.

Tim Duncan: Amateur shaver.

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The Week

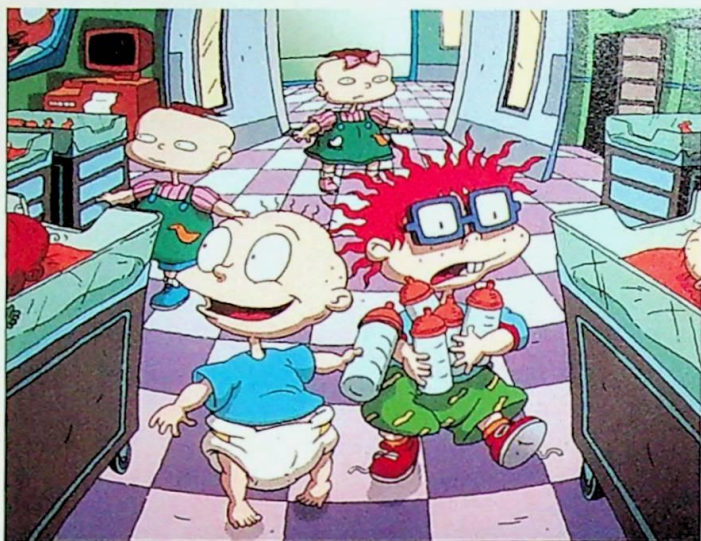
Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

New Releases

CENTRAL STATION (Sony Pictures Classics, R) In the early '80s, it looked as if there might be a new wave of Brazilian filmmaking, but it fizzled the moment director Hector Babenco (*Pixote*) went Hollywood. Now, like a wildflower growing in long-scorched earth, we have *Central Station*, the breakthrough feature from the Brazilian director Walter Salles, and it's a richly tender and moving experience. As Dora, a prickly, taunting wretch who makes money writing letters for illiterate citizens in Rio's Central Station (she then reads them to her roommate and tosses them away), the great actress Fernanda Montenegro, at 67, unfurls a face that's blobby yet harsh, like a wadded-up lifetime of crushed dreams. Dora meets Josué (Vinicius de Oliveira), a 9-year-old boy whose mother has just died, and, for reasons that have mostly to do with her own fear and survival, she takes him on a bus trip to return him to his long-lost father. As they pass through one leisurely incident after another, that face seems to relax and uncurl; it begins to respond, once again, to the world around it. In outline, *Central Station* recalls many of the bogusly sticky adult-kid bonding tales that have been the bane of foreign cinema for too long, but Salles, like De Sica and Renoir, displays a pure and unpatronizing feel for the poetry of broken lives. His movie is really about that most everyday of miracles: the rebirth of hope. **A-** —OG

HARD CORE LOGO (Rolling Thunder, R) This mock documentary about a late-'70s Black Flag-style Vancouver punk band, whose members reunite for a five-city tour of western Canada, sounds like a thrash version of *This Is Spinal Tap*, and it sort of is, with a twist: The director, Bruce McDonald, isn't just out for laughs—he looks at these aging misfits, playing the same beer-soaked bars and life-sucks anthems they did 15 years ago, and he wants you to see them as noble losers. Their Mohawked leader, Joe Dick (Hugh Dillon), who resembles a blank-generation Bruce Willis, attempts to silence all comers with a Sid Vicious sneer that looks more than a bit pathetic on a guy who's pushing 35. Joe's refusal to sell out is his doom; he's a cult rock star turned cult human being. *Hard Core Logo* isn't nearly as funny as *Spinal Tap* (or as gleeful in its detail as Rusty Cundieff's overlooked 1994 rap mockumentary, *Fear of a Black Hat*), but it has still been thought out in satiric, rather than dramatic, terms. Most of the characters are too goofy to register. Still, there are times when Dillon's performance lays bare why, for sheer style, burning out will always have the edge over fading away. **B-** —OG

THE RUGRATS MOVIE (Paramount, G) The funny, smart people behind Nickelodeon's animated *Rugrats* series know their dual audiences, juxtaposing the blithely self-absorbed parallel universes of small, diapered children and their large,



PARENTAL GUIDANCE NEGLECTED The *Rugrats* gang play ward games

Docked parents. This first feature-length production does more of the same, advancing the TV story line with the arrival of baby brother Dylan ("Dil") for natural-born toddling peer-group leader Tommy Pickles. The inevitable heavy-handed life lessons about jealousy and responsibility are doled out—courtesy of writers raised with Dr. Spock and *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* as spiritual guides. But the creative team also dispatches overeducated parenthood and post-permissive childhood with wry, observant wit. (One sitcom-influenced cheat: The moms, as a group, are far more practical than the dads.) Guest voices by Margaret Cho, Tim Curry, Whoopi Goldberg, Andrea Martin, David Spade, and Busta Rhymes up the hipness quotient; among the hospital-nursery babies, listen for Jakob Dylan, Iggy Pop, Lou Rawls, Lisa Loeb, Patti Smith, and the B-52's. **B** —LS

In Theaters

CELEBRITY (R) Woody Allen's surest instincts about the title subject are at work in the vast, high-profile cast (Melanie Griffith, Kenneth Branagh, Famke Janssen, Winona Ryder, and thousands more) he assembled to act out his complicated and ambivalent notions of the world into which he has pitched himself, with equal parts fervor and loathing, for so long. But Allen's canniest hire of all is Leonardo DiCaprio, who plays a bratty, destructive young star, juicing the proceedings with a power surge that subsides as soon as he exits. **B-** (#459, Nov. 20) —LS

ELIZABETH (R) Blissfully unattractive Cate Blanchett is a luminous Oscar contender in the role of England's 16th-century Virgin Queen. This sensual, psychologically modern costume drama is influenced by *The Godfather* and gals' guides



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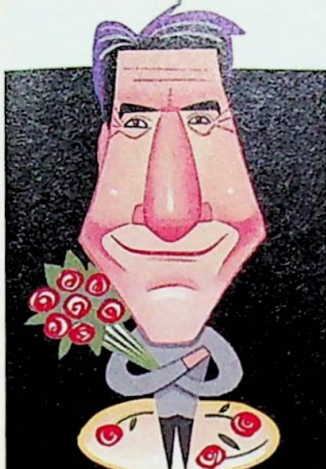
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WINNER OF THE WEEK

Dustin Hoffman

The two-time Oscar winner will receive the American Film Institute's 27th Life Achievement Award, honoring his 31-year career.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Jean-Claude Van Damme

The martial artisan's actioner *Legionnaire*—which cost an estimated \$25 million—may go straight to cable's USA Network, which will pay a reported \$3 million for the rights.

to empowerment; beneath the finery of these schemers (including Christopher Eccleston as a traitorous duke and Geoffrey Rush as a sinister spy) beat hearts as up-to-date as any on a TV drama, assuming a TV story line allows for beheadings. **B+** (#458, Nov. 13) —LS

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS (PG)

A dowdy, mechanical lesson-of-Christmas movie. Jonathan Taylor Thomas—hair seriously frosted—plays Jake, a smarmy college kid who agrees to return home to New York for the holiday because his father has bribed him with a fancy car. **D+** (#459, Nov. 20) —LS

I STILL KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER (R)

An even thinner piece of plastic than the first one was. At a deserted Bahamas resort, that lissome tulip Julie James (Jennifer Love Hewitt) is menaced, yet again, by a hook-handed fisherman. The audience, by now, knows

just when to expect a fake scare or a real one, and the mayhem is staged almost politely. Hewitt's whole personality seems aerobized, and that makes her the perfect star for a horror thriller so antiseptic you could eat off one of the corpses. **C** (#459, Nov. 20) —OG

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL (PG-13)

You'll laugh! You'll cry! You'll smile through the evils of genocide! Director Roberto Benigni plays Guido, a winsome Jewish rogue who is taken, along with his family, to a concentration camp. There, he shields his little boy from the brutality around them, pretending it's all a big game. There's just one problem: Since we don't see any brutality, either, the film treats us like children, too. **B-** (#457, Nov. 6) —OG

MEET JOE BLACK (PG-13)

This 2-hour-and-50-minute mystical romantic weeper is like a piece of taffy stretched out until it barely has a shape anymore. Anthony Hopkins plays a New York media tycoon who knows that he's dying, but who makes a deal to postpone the event by agreeing to serve as Death's earthly tour guide. Death shows up in the body of Brad Pitt, which is a good thing for Hopkins' daughter (Claire Forlani), who falls for the copper-blond spirit stud. In essence, *Meet Joe Black* is a fish-out-of-water comedy, like *Topper* or *Big*. Some of it is clever and enjoyable, even touching, yet the characters gaze and ponder moistly, as if to inflate each scene to a level of religious significance. Hopkins gives a performance of extraordinary delicacy and soft-shoe wit. **B-** (#459, Nov. 20) —OG

THE SIEGE (R) A piece of guilty demagoguery. New York City is under attack by Arab terrorists, and everyone responds by getting very tense. *The Siege* is a cautionary tale about the excesses of jingoist paranoia, and the folly of it all is that the more the film descends into liberal chest thumping, the less engrossing it becomes. **B-** (#458, Nov. 13) —OG

THE WATERBOY (PG-13)

Utterly dehydrated. Adam Sandler plays a socially retarded liquid server for a Louisiana college football team who discovers a hidden talent for tackling when he acts on his pent-up anger. Kathy Bates is the hyper-protective mama who has helped make her son the king dork he is. This unfunny low comedy is aimed strictly at college dorm residents and their younger brothers. **D-** (#458, Nov. 13) —LS

>> More reviews in EW Special Edition at www.ew.com <<

BOX OFFICE



ENDLESS SUMMER Brandy and Hewitt get hooked up in *I Still Know*

DEATH AND THE MAIDENS

PREVAILING ASSUMPTION to the contrary, people don't seem to mind death—at least judging by the performances of the weekend's two big openings. The teen scream sequel *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer* hooked itself a meaty \$16.5 million, thanks, in part, to the sultry slash appeal of its stars, Jennifer Love Hewitt and Brandy, while Brad Pitt's grim reaper—a-go-go romance, *Meet Joe Black*, rested in peace at No. 3, raking in a respectable \$15 million and generating better-than-expected word of mouth. But it'll take more than a bout with mortality to stop Adam Sandler's *The Waterboy*, which, at No. 1, is still riding high on the shoulders of his fans. On a more Grinchian note, *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, the Jonathan Taylor Thomas vehicle, turned out to be a big lump of coal, pulling in only \$3.9 million.

TOP 20		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES†	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	THE WATERBOY Touchstone	\$24.4	2,675	\$9,133	2	\$79.1
2	I STILL KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER Columbia	\$16.5	2,443	\$6,762	1	\$16.5
3	MEET JOE BLACK Universal	\$15.0	2,503	\$6,000	1	\$15.0
4	THE SIEGE 20th Century Fox	\$8.1	2,582	\$3,138	2	\$26.4
5	ANTZ DreamWorks	\$4.0	2,351	\$1,709	7	\$81.1
6	I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS Walt Disney	\$3.9	1,759	\$2,216	1	\$3.9
7	PLEASANTVILLE New Line	\$3.7	1,773	\$2,073	4	\$31.6
8	THE WIZARD OF OZ Warner Bros.	\$3.3	1,882	\$1,737	2	\$10.6
9	LIVING OUT LOUD New Line	\$2.6	1,087	\$2,398	3	\$8.6
10	PRACTICAL MAGIC Warner Bros.	\$1.9	2,250	\$853	5	\$42.9
11	RUSH HOUR New Line	\$1.9	1,615	\$1,156	9	\$129.8
12	JOHN CARPENTER'S VAMPIRES Columbia	\$1.7	1,793	\$929	3	\$18.5
13	BELLY Artisan	\$1.5	630	\$2,334	2	\$7.3
14	LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL Miramax	\$0.9	116	\$7,346	4	\$2.9
15	WHAT DREAMS MAY COME PolyGram	\$0.7	845	\$841	7	\$54.1
16	BRIDE OF CHUCKY Universal	\$0.7	905	\$770	5	\$30.9
17	EVEREST IMAX	\$0.7	61	\$11,009	37	\$50.6
18	THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY 20th Century Fox	\$0.6	601	\$994	18	\$170.5
19	BELOVED Touchstone	\$0.5	626	\$847	5	\$22.2
20	THE MASK OF ZORRO TriStar	\$0.4	568	\$664	18	\$92.7

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC. WEEKEND OF NOV. 13-15 * WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS † INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS



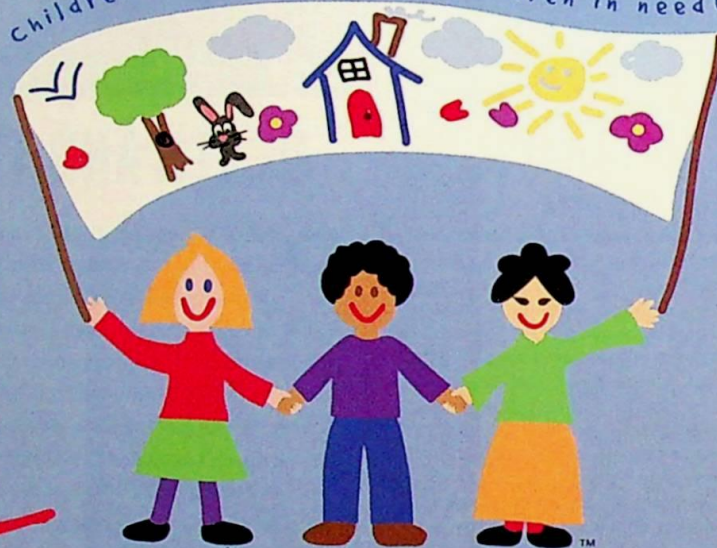
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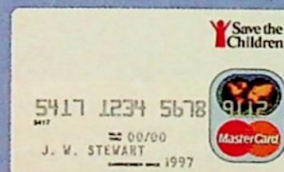


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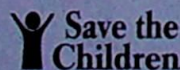


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WATCH, YOU'RE BACK? (Clockwise from left) *V.I.P.*'s Lee; the new *Baywatch* cast; Marin (left), Johnson, Bleeth

Sea Changes

While *Baywatch* grad Pamela Anderson Lee jumps into *V.I.P.* and fellow former sand bunny Yasmine Bleeth moves to *Nash Bridges*, a rejigged bunch of *Bay* babes are in over their heads. **by Bruce Fretts**

IS THERE LIFE AFTER *Baywatch*? The syndicated tsunami proved T&A translates into any language, becoming the world's most popular show and making star-exec producer David Hasselhoff even more money than his German pop records did. But can its ex-lifeguards

ever be seen as anything more than red-bathing-suited beauties running in slo-mo?

Two of the show's most buoyant starlets are currently testing the post-*Baywatch* waters, as Pamela Anderson Lee has launched her own action series, *V.I.P.*, and Yasmine Bleeth has jumped aboard the

Don Johnson vehicle **Nash Bridges**. While Hasselhoff treads water on *Baywatch*, Lee and Bleeth have decided to sink or swim on their own.

V.I.P.'s pilot was a kitschy treat, mingling elements of creator J.F. Lawton's two biggest movie hits, *Pretty Woman* and *Under Siege*. Lee

stepped into Julia Roberts' spike heels as an L.A. hot-dog vendor swept up into a life of luxury (there was even an homage to *Woman's* Rodeo Drive montage). Now here comes the *Siege* part: After inadvertently saving a movie star from being assassinated by a member of a militia group (and making the cover of EW!), Lee's Vallery Irons was hired to be the figurehead for a celebrity-security firm.

Subsequent *V.I.P.*'s have been less pleasing, as Lee has surrendered too much screen time to low-rent cameos (Jay Leno, Pauly Shore) and her generic team of bodyguards: supermodel-turned-CIA spy Tasha Dexter (Molly Culver, a Cindy Crawford clone right down to the mole on her face); mobster's niece Nikki Franco (Natalie Raitano); disgraced boxer Quick Williams (Shaun Baker); and wacky receptionist Kay Simmons (Leah Lail).

Still, *V.I.P.* remains an enjoyable trifle, its plotlines propelled by Frankie Blue's cool

SYNDICATED
Baywatch
CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

SYNDICATED
V.I.P.
CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

CBS
Nash Bridges
10-11 PM
FRIDAYS



"V.I.P."

score and its scripts studded with pop references (Quick: "We'll be all over you like pockmarks on Keith Richards"). And after getting screwed out of her full share of profits from her sex-with-her-ex tape, you can't blame exec producer Lee for wanting a piece of the action.

Bleeth doesn't get a cut of *Nash's* cash, even though she's boosted the series' ratings further above those of its vastly superior cop-show competitor, NBC's *Homicide: Life on the Street*. This despite her miscasting as Inspector Caitlin Cross, a by-the-book conservative who has bickered predictably with Johnson's maverick San Francisco police captain. With her heart-shaped face and quavering voice, Bleeth doesn't make for a convincing tough-cookie cop.

In its fourth season, *Nash* should be a smooth-running machine, and with his crinkled, slightly sleazy charm, Johnson does have an easygoing chemistry with Cheech Marin as his wisecracking partner. Yet so far Bleeth has seemed like a third wheel—no, make that a fifth wheel, since the series already has a strong supporting cast, including *Major League's* James Gammon as *Nash's* crusty dad and *Halloween: H20's* Jodi Lyn O'Keefe as his nubile-undergraduate daughter.

The ninth season of *Baywatch*, on the other hand, has gotten bogged down by the

show's weakest roster ever (a sad distinction, considering such dramatically impaired grads as Carmen Electra, who'll soon dive into the soggy WB serial *Hyperion Bay*, and David Charvet). After sagging in the ratings in recent seasons, Hasselhoff set adrift much of the cast, including Electra, Traci Bingham, and Donna D'Errico. They've been replaced by knockoffs of the babes from the show's glory days: Mitzi Kapture (*Silk Stalkings*) fills Bleeth's brainy-brunet role; Kelly Packard plays the Nicole Eggeresque blond ingenue; and the obligatory buxom bubble-head is Brooke Burns, whose vapid acting makes Lee look like Dame Judi Dench.

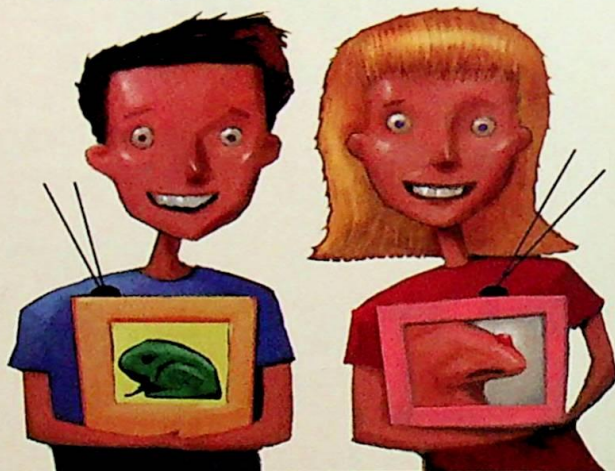
As Hasselhoff's physique has softened into a lumpy paunch, he's added two young hardbodies, David Chokachi and underwear model Michael Bergin, to pick up the action slack. Unfortunately, their characters' definition seems strictly limited to their pecs. The series has also strained for hard-edged plotlines this season (Gangbangers blow up the lifeguard station! Escaped convicts hide out at the beach!), but it's tough to escape the obvious conclusion: It's time for the *Baywatch* hunks to hang up their trunks.

Fear not, Herr Hasselhoff. Having the word *Baywatch* on your résumé doesn't have to be a career death sentence. Angie Harmon, a survivor of the unsuccessful spin-off *Baywatch Nights*, has resurfaced on *Law & Order*, and her book-'em-and-cook-'em character, ADA Abbie Carmichael, has given the NBC drama a shot of new life. Maybe Hasselhoff is just what *Homicide* needs to burn *Nash Bridges*. **V.I.P.: C+** *Nash Bridges: C* *Baywatch: C-*

SHOWS FOR THE BOY/GIRL NETS

MANY-GENDERED THING

DESPITE THE BATHROOM situation on *Ally McBeal*, the Fox family of networks isn't big on the unisex thing. Take its plans for two new gender-segregated kids networks: The Boyz Channel and The Girlz Channel. (That's right—no Hermaphroditz). At the risk of stereotyping the sexes, here's our educated guess at what the lineups might look like.—*Jamie Bufalino and A.J. Jacobs*



BOYZ

GIRLZ

■ **DIAGNOSIS COOTIES** A hard-hitting medical drama detailing the yuckiness of the opposite sex.

■ **GEORGE & LEO** As in Clooney and DiCaprio. The two stars move into a one-bedroom bungalow on Martha's Vineyard.

■ **FROGICIDE: LIFE IN THE PLAYGROUND** Jerky camera shots of boys blowing up various amphibians with M-80s.

■ **SLUMBER PARTY OF FIVE** Soul-rending series about a quintet of unchaperoned girls. Sample crisis: Little Betsy battles chocoholism.

■ **THE XY/XX-FILES** Sci-fi series investigating those strange, otherworldly beings, a.k.a. girls. Featured villain: the Bubblegum-Chewing Boy.

■ **WORLD'S SCARIEST BLEMISHES** Zits, zits, and more zits. Sweeps stunt: A Backstreet Boy pops one on his nose.

■ **GIRLS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS** "You want to go shopping?" "Don'tcha think Zac Hanson is dreamy?"

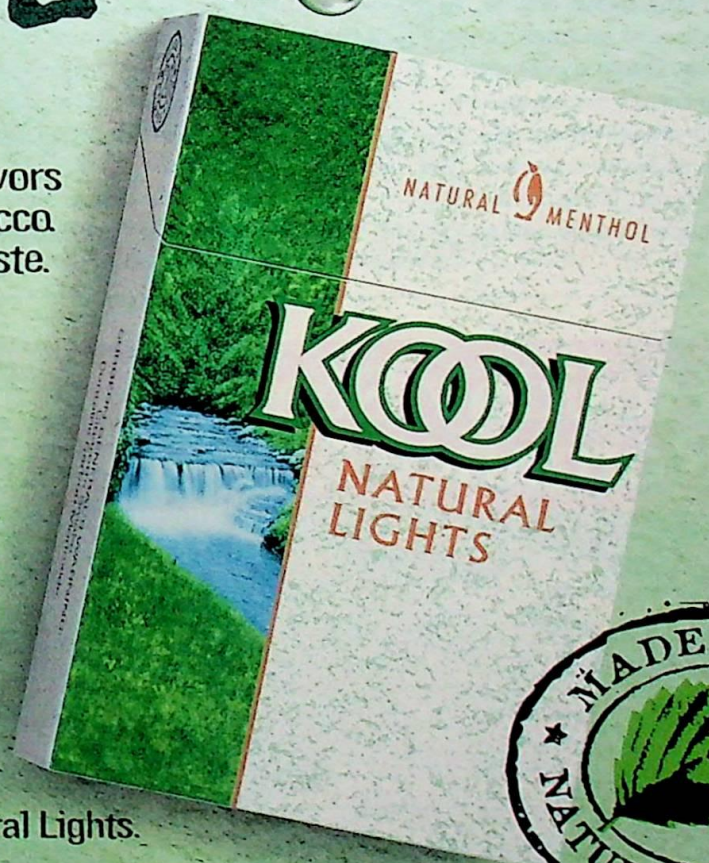
■ **NYPD PINK** Drama centering on tough-talking Gotham fashion police. Sample dialogue: "Drop that halter top."

■ **EARLY EMISSION** A boy discovers his nocturnal fantasies can predict the future.

■ **BARRETTE-A** A girl detective and her well-coiffed cockatoo search for the of-the-moment 'do.

NEW KOOL NATURAL

No artificial flavors
added to the tobacco.
Always a fresh, smooth taste.



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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Natural Lights Kings Box, 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine;
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Natural Box, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

KOOL Natural Lights are a special blend of tobaccos and natural menthol with other natural flavors for a smooth, fresh taste. We add no artificial flavors to this blend. We're not saying these cigarettes are safer than other cigarettes, but we think you'll enjoy the perfectly balanced taste. If you have any questions and would like more information, E-mail us at info@kool-natural.com or call us at **1-800-341-5211**.

BRUNO MOMENTO

SOME ACTORS are motivated by pressure to pay the rent, others by the fear of anonymity. But Bruno Campos—Christina Applegate's babelicious beau next door on *Jesse*—was driven to succeed by a different sort of threat: deportation.

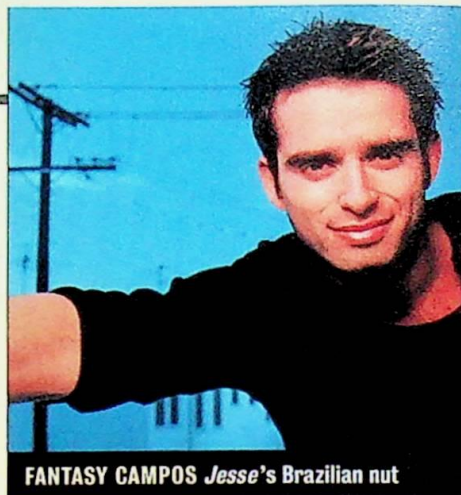
"You'll do anything when you have that kind of gun to your head," says the Brazilian native, who two years ago pretty much accosted Warner Bros. TV prez Tony Jonas. "I said, 'In two weeks I have to go back to my country. To stay, I need a deal with a studio, and I'd rather cut off my arm than leave your office without one.'"

Impressed, Jonas inked Campos to a one-year talent contract, which not only kept him Stateside but led to

roles in 1997's *The Last Don* and an episode of *Suddenly Susan*.

The son of an international banker, Campos, 24, has always been a mover and shaker. His family relocated from Rio de Janeiro to Houston while he was still a tot, and by the time he turned 14 he'd visited 20 different countries. That year, he left for a Michigan boarding school, and in 1994 clinched his first movie role—a lead, no less—in the Oscar-nominated Brazilian film *O Quatrilho* while still a student at Northwestern University. Still, nothing prepared him for his *Jesse* audition. "Half-way through, [a producer] stopped me and said, 'Just go home.' I was stunned. I said, 'Like slit-my-wrists go home or be-proud-of-myself go home?'"

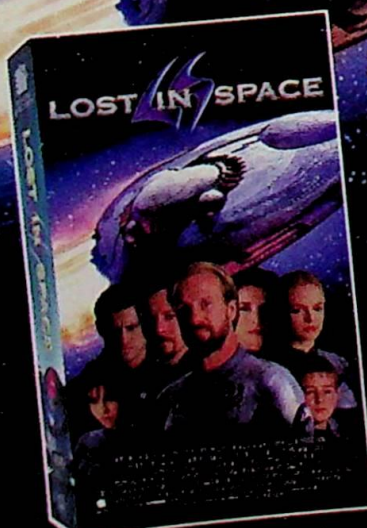
"Choosing Bruno was a no-brainer—he screamed 'gold mine,'" says series

FANTASY CAMPOS *Jesse's* Brazilian nut

creator Ira Ungerleider. "There was such a depth and maturity there."

Not to mention a heckuva sexy mug—albeit one susceptible to the stresses of the TV biz. "That meeting with Tony [Jonas] aged me," says Campos, who's dating *Cupid* star Paula Marshall. "I left feeling like a *man*. A man with some *serious* gray hairs." —Shawna Malcom

This Holiday Season, Adventure and Romance Go Side By Side!



Send your family into orbit with the best gift in the galaxy!

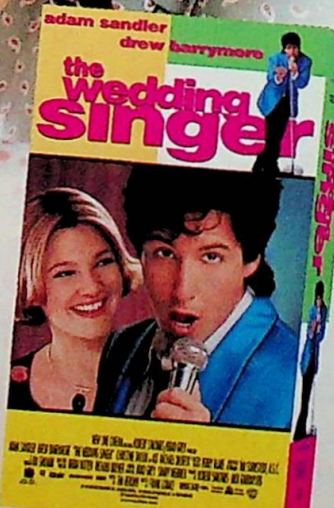
Look inside the *Lost in Space* video for valuable offers from...

JVC **Checkmate** **Lauren**

over **\$300** in **SAVINGS**

American Airlines
is a proud sponsor of the *Lost in Space* video release.

www.dangerwillrobinson.com



Bring Love and Laughter Home for the Holidays!

See inside *The Wedding Singer* video for special offers!

SAVE \$5 by mail with purchase of two products from **lauren**

Buy the music from *The Wedding Singer* Volume I or II and receive a **\$5 REBATE**

Special opportunity from **lauren**

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ON THE AIR

The latest news from the TV beat by Joe Flint

■ **OUTFOXED** The way the networks keep changing entertainment presidents, they're starting to make Yankees owner George Steinbrenner seem like a patient man. Mere weeks after NBC Entertainment president **Warren Littlefield** got the heave-ho, Fox Entertainment Group prez **Peter Roth** is being shown the door.

Talk of Roth's demise had been circulating for some time. But with the bulk of the net's fall shows either pulled (*Costello*, *Living in Captivity*, *Holding the Baby*), struggling (*Brimstone*), or outright abandoned (*Hollyweird*), Fox and parent company News Corp. topper **Rupert Murdoch** had seen enough.

Roth, 47, who oversaw the development of hits like *Ally McBeal* and *King of the Hill* (as well as *The X-Files* and *The Practice* while he was head of 20th



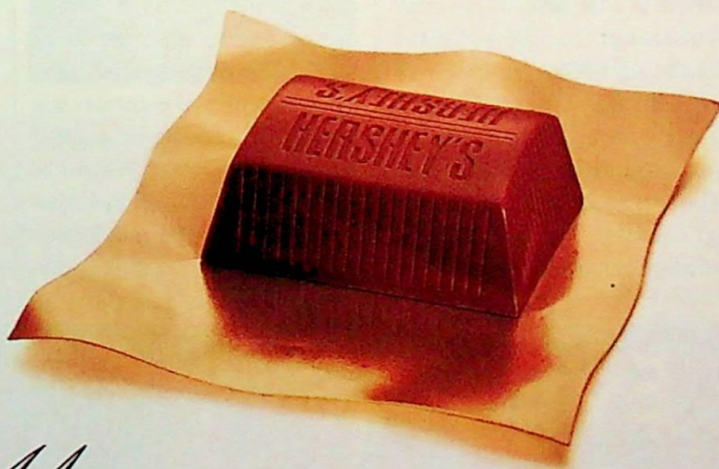
MEET THE PREZ The exiting Roth (left) and heir Herzog

Century Fox Television), plans to return to producing. Ironically, he leaves Fox with potentially strong mid-season series: *Family Guy*, *Futurama* (from *Simpsons* creator **Matt Groening**), and **Eddie Murphy's** *The PJs*. These shows have a shot at improving the net's numbers, which have been boosted by reality specials, the World Series, and theatricals such as *The Lost World*.

Replacing Roth will be Comedy Central prez **Doug Herzog**, 39, who is expected to start early next year. A veteran of cable—he was previously exec VP of programming at MTV—Herzog is credited with putting Comedy Central on the map with such shows as *South Park*, *The Daily Show*, *Win Ben Stein's Money*, and *Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist*.

Herzog's an interesting choice. Heading up a cable net doesn't fully prepare an exec for a broadcast gig, but given this era of shrinking audiences, it may make sense to pick someone who has the chops to expand Fox's range. "Network TV isn't getting the job done," says one TV studio head. "This hire is an effort to get off the beaten track."

But Herzog knows he can't get too crazy. "As edgy and boundary pushing as I want to be, I need to attract a big audience," he says. And though he won't be taking *South Park* to Fox, he does plan to "bring a year's supply of cheesy poofs." ■



MAY CAUSE TEMPORARY EXHILARATION.



Introducing a new Nugget flavor, Milk Chocolate with Toffee & Almonds. Nuggets from Hershey. One of life's little rewards.

REMOTE PATROL

Keeping a watch on TV by A.J. Jacobs

A supermodel, an Oscar winner, and one really old comic: A spot check on celeb hucksters

HERE'S SOME TRUTH about advertising: Most commercials starring celebrities are uncommonly bad. They come off either as grating hard sells (Candice Bergen for Sprint) or lame burlesques of the star's persona (Michael Richards for Tommy Hilfiger). Only rarely—Jerry Seinfeld in his cleverly written American Express ads, Bill Cosby with his sweetly grumpy Jell-O classics—do celeb endorsements sparkle. This season's no exception. Here's a heapin' helping of recent flops, and a couple of rare triumphs.

CHRISTIE BRINKLEY for the Newspaper Association of America. And now for one of the silliest sentences in commercial history: "As a model, it's important to me to keep up with the world around me." In this spot (part of a series that also includes Meryl Streep and Jon Bon

Jovi), the former *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* swimsuit babe makes a smiley pitch for the joys of the morning paper. Christie, I don't tell you what shade of lip gloss to wear; please don't advise me on my reading habits. **C-**

DON RICKLES for Fidelity Investments. These Friars Club-meets-401(k) seminar spots are comedically bankrupt. In one, Rickles, who seems shoe-horned into the ad, tells a limp airplane joke, then gets unsolicited financial advice from white-haired Wall Street whiz Peter Lynch, who has all the charisma of a Dow Corning annual report. A pointless insult to our intelligence. **C**

SPIKE LEE for Nike. A worthy successor to the brilliant Spike-and-Mike campaign of the late '80s. Lee, mocking his rep as an obnoxious Knicks fan (and making the most of the current NBA lockout), gleefully trash-talks an eighth-grade girls' B-ball



KINGS OF THE SHILL (Clockwise from top left) Newspaper Assoc.'s Brinkley, Nike's Lee, iMac's Goldblum, and 10-10-220's Miller

team. "Where's your game at? Where's your game at?" he hectors one lass. Other recent Nike ads are almost as sharp: In one, Lee and chopsocky star Jackie Chan coo about Pop-a-Shot, the miniature B-ball arcade game; in another, Dyan Cannon cheerleads a hoops contest for middle-aged men. **A**

CUBA GOODING JR. for Pepsi One. A quick showbiz lesson: High-decibel energy after an Oscar win is fun. High-decibel energy in overplayed commercials is annoying. In one misguided spot, the *Jerry Maguire* catchphrase king bellows about Pepsi to the employees of a computer company. In an-

other, he shrieks about the new diet soda to nervous parachutists. As low on wit as the drink is on calories. **C+**

DENNIS MILLER for 10-10-220 long-distance service. Why must all phone ads be as annoying as telemarketing calls in the middle of dinner? Smug comic Miller sneers: "Okay, people. This is a phone. This is a dollar. You still with me?" Not if I have a remote. Miller's antics are rivaled by those of David Arquette (strained Gen-X wackiness for 1-800-CALL-ATT), George Carlin (strained crabbiness for 10-10-220), and a phone booth full of other celebs. No doubt, phone companies crank up the '90s atti-

THE FIRST EVER HERC AND XENA BATTLE-ON-A-THON

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tude to compensate for dull product—eye-glazing rates and numbers. But these spots make you long for the days of AT&T's unabashed tearjerkers. **F**

TOM ARNOLD for WebTV. If any genre was made for Arnold, it's commercials. He's always smacked of a smarmy-but-likeable Midwestern salesman. In this spot, Tombo gushes about sending photos of his kids over the Internet with WebTV. "Of course, I don't have any kids of my own yet, so I'm gonna use this phony television family to help me demonstrate." There are worse ways to spend 30 seconds. **B+**

JEFF GOLDBLUM for iMac. The good news is, this is a perfect pairing of star and product: a quirky, funny-looking actor for a quirky, funny-looking computer. The bad news is, Goldblum's monologues—one on the inanity of beige computers, another on the frustrations of e-mail—come off as precious and condescending. A nice opportunity trashed. **B-**

>> Talk about your favorite TV shows at www.ew.com <<



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Barbara Walters

Pass out the cigars: The ABC News diva landed the first interview (expected to air early next year) with former White House intern Monica Lewinsky.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

'The Secret Lives of Men'

Since so few viewers cared to be let in on the secret, ABC pulled the sitcom from its schedule.

THE RATINGS

HEAVENLY FIGURES

TAKE THAT, **DAWSON**. The WB's most-overlooked hit, the wholesome Aaron Spelling-produced drama *7th Heaven* (77th), racked up the netlet's biggest audience to date with a sweeps episode (in which Stephen Collins' character gets shot) that attracted 9.1 million viewers, tying Fox's *Melrose Place* and NBC's *Suddenly Susan*. Elsewhere on Monday, CBS' *Everybody Loves Raymond* (16th) once again bested Fox's *Ally McBeal* (19th), and the Eye's new Ted Danson vehicle, *Becker* (23rd), held steady in its second week, easily beating the Peacock's *Will & Grace* (83rd). So far, *Becker* is averaging 4.3 million more viewers than its time-slot predecessor, the short-lived *Brian Benben Show*. Now, that gives Danson and Co. something worth *Cheer*-ing about.



HURTS SO GOOD Collins and *7th* get a shot in the arm

TOP 30

VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK	
1	29.0	ER NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	1
2	24.4	FRIENDS NBC, Thursday, 8 p.m.	2
3	23.5	TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.	5
4	22.5	FOOTBALL: PACKERS VS. STEELERS ABC, Monday, 8:22 p.m.	—
5	22.0	FRASIER NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	3
6	20.7	JESSE NBC, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.	7
7	18.5	THE X-FILES Fox, Sunday, 9 p.m.	9
8	18.1	VERONICA'S CLOSET NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	10
9	17.9	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	4
10	17.6	MOVIE: MAMA FLORA'S FAMILY, PART 2 CBS, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	—
11	17.4	MOVIE: TWISTER NBC, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.	—
12	17.2	WHEN GOOD PETS GO BAD Fox, Thursday, 9 p.m.	—
13	17.1	JAG CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	20
14	16.1	NYPD BLUE ABC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	—
	16.1	THE DREW CAREY SHOW ABC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	14
16	15.7	EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.	22
17	15.6	DHARMA & GREG ABC, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	18
	15.6	HOME IMPROVEMENT ABC, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	24
19	14.9	ALLY McBEAL Fox, Monday, 9 p.m.	23
	14.9	20/20 ABC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	26
21	14.6	JUST SHOOT ME NBC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	46
22	14.2	DIAGNOSIS MURDER CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	31
23	14.0	BECKER CBS, Monday, 9:30 p.m.	26
	14.0	WALKER, TEXAS RANGER CBS, Saturday, 10 p.m.	15
25	13.9	THE SIMPSONS Fox, Sunday, 8 p.m.	18
26	13.8	LAW & ORDER NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	16
27	13.7	COSBY CBS, Monday, 8 p.m.	28
28	13.5	SPIN CITY ABC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	46
	13.5	TWO GUYS, A GIRL AND A PIZZA PLACE ABC, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.	28
30	13.4	20/20 ABC, Friday, 10 p.m.	28

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF NOV. 9-15, 1998
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

SOUND BITES

"Oh, sure they will—when pigs fly, hell freezes over, and Magic Johnson gets a job teaching English." DARRYL (D.L. HUGHLEY), assessing his son's pathetic soccer team's chance of winning on *The Hughleys*

"Why do we have to take this thing? I think it's fascist and discriminates against the uninformed." XANDER (NICHOLAS BRENDON), discussing the SATs on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

"Sean Connery's wife was robbed of about \$1 million worth of jewelry while she was at dinner. To add insult to injury, Roger Moore and Pierce Brosnan were called in to investigate." COLIN QUINN on *SNL*

"I fear flying.... Every time I step out of an airplane, I consider it a failed suicide attempt." BARRY SONNENFELD, *Fantasy Island* executive producer, on *The Late Late Show With Tom Snyder*

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THE ULTIMATE GUIDE HORSES

With the largest eyes of any
land mammal, they changed
our view of the world.

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*"But, are his eyes bigger
than his stomach?"*



DO NOT
REUSE

WHAT to WATCH

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern standard and are subject to change. by Kristen Baldwin

MONDAY

November 23

8-9PM

7TH HEAVEN (The WB, TV-G) Sex, sex, sex! Lucy contemplates having it with her boyfriend, Matt does a project on it for school, and Mary attends a sleep-over with the opposite kind.

9-10PM

ALLY McBEAL (Fox, TV-14-DS) Ling sues another coworker (like *that's* not getting old); Cage sweats a date with Nelle.

9-10:30PM*

ANTIQUES ROADSHOW JR. (PBS, TV-G) Think of it as the original auction series with a thyroid condition: Thirteen-year-old Beanie Baby expert Joanna Mason cohosts



FAMILY THERAPY

the special devoted to kiddies' collectibles.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

9-9:30PM

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (CBS, TV-PG) When Frank and Marie discover they have high cholesterol, the whole Barone family is forced to choke down a heart-healthy Thanksgiving dinner.

9:30-11PM

THE LATE SHOW WITH DAVID LETTERMAN 5TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL (CBS) The Eye net fetes the one who incessantly mocks it with 90 minutes of highlights (including the Farrah and Madonna debacles, natch) and suprise guests.

10-10:30PM

DR. KATZ: PROFESSIONAL THERAPIST (TV-PG) The holiday becomes a time of dread for Dr. Katz and Ben when Katz's never-before-seen ex-wife, Roz (voiced to droll perfection by guest star Carrie Fisher), comes for Thanksgiving dinner. That creates an unapologetically antifamily reunion best described by Laura (Katz's blunt secretary) as "crazy awkward." Even better, Ben attempts to cook dinner, with hilarious, profanity-laden results. **A**

TUESDAY

November 24

8-9PM

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER (The WB, TV-PG-LV) Dumped by Drusilla, a severely lovelorn Spike heads back to Sunnydale to work out his anger on Angel and Buffy.

8-8:30PM

MOESHA (UPN, TV-PG) Planning to lose her virginity, Moesha stocks up on birth control pills—which her stepmom promptly finds.

8:30-9PM

NEWSRADIO (NBC, TV-PG) Holy stunt casting! *Batman's* Adam West drops by Jimmy's trial, while Lisa rethinks her

relationship with Johnny (Patrick Warburton).

9-11PM

POINT LAST SEEN (CBS, TV-PG) Linda Hamilton stars in the telemovie as the head of a search-and-rescue team looking for a lost little girl.



THE LONG GOODBYE

9:30-11PM

NYPD BLUE (ABC, TV-14-L) The medical mystery surrounding Simone (Jimmy Smits, above) deepens, while Sipowicz (Dennis Franz) deals with the sudden reappearance of his ex-wife (the sublime Debra Monk). With a teleplay by Nicholas Wootton and direction by Paris Barclay—Emmy winners for last season's "Lost Israel"—this is as wrenching an episode as this landmark drama has ever produced. It's also a fittingly dignified sendoff for the long underappreciated Smits. **A+** —BF

The Guest List

Look Who's On The Couch This Week

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)



GARTH BROOKS

DAVID LETTERMAN Monday Helen Hunt, Ray Romano **Tuesday** Geena Davis, Martha Stewart, musical guest Roger Daltrey **Wednesday** Gwyneth Paltrow, Peter Berg, musical guest Bonnie Raitt **Thursday** Michael Caine, Art Donovan, musical guest Jewel **Friday** Salma Hayek, Jane Horrocks (*Little Voice*), Caroline Rhea

JAY LENO Monday Richard Simmons, Rebecca Romijn, musical guests the Dixie Chicks **Tuesday** Musical guest Cher **Wednesday** Musical guest Neil Diamond **Thursday** Hulk Hogan **Friday** Henry Winkler

CONAN O'BRIEN Monday Gwyneth Paltrow, Tom Snyder, musical guest Fastball (R) **Tuesday** Dave Foley, musical guest Garth Brooks **Wednesday** Jon Lovitz, radio's Stuttering John Melendez **Friday** Dame Judi Dench, Wayne Gretzky, musical guests Elvis Costello and Burt Bacharach

ROSIE O'DONNELL Monday Musical guest Whitney Houston **Tuesday** Robin Williams, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Broadway's *Peter Pan* **Wednesday** Drew Barrymore, musical guest Celine Dion **Thursday** Fran Drescher, Aidan Quinn, Sally Struthers (R) **Friday** Oprah Winfrey (R)

REGIS & KATHIE LEE Monday Ben Stiller **Tuesday** Keri Russell **Wednesday** Heather Locklear, David Boreanaz **Thursday** Michael Crawford

WEDNESDAY

November 25

8-9PM

DAWSON'S CREEK (The WB, TV-PG-LS) From the "as if" file: Dawson's movie wins a film-festival award. Meanwhile, Dad moves into his own apartment, and Pacey gets momentarily motivated.

8-10PM

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGIC V (NBC, TV-PG) A doll comes to life, people wriggle out of precarious situations, and flaming coins are mysteriously manipulated. All that and magic lessons for those hoping to appear in part VI.

8-11PM*

NERDS 2.0.1., A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE INTERNET (PBS, TV-G) Robert Cringely, host of *Triumph of the Nerds*, returns to present a course in the development of cyberspace, with help from industry moguls/gazillionaires like Steve Case and Bill Gates.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

8-10PM

EBENEZER (TNT, TV-PG) Jack Palance stars as Scrooge in this Wild West telepic reworking of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*.

8:30-9PM

MAGGIE WINTERS (CBS, TV-PG) Maggie's estranged father (guest star Ed Asner) drops in for Thanksgiving, much to her mom's chagrin.

8:30-9PM

TWO GUYS, A GIRL AND A PIZZA PLACE (ABC) We'll watch anything with Jon Cryer—even this show. The ex-Duckie plays a guy battling Berg for Ashley's affections.

9-10PM

CELINE DION: THESE ARE SPECIAL TIMES (CBS, TV-G) The chest-thumping songstress duets with both Andrea Bocelli and Rosie O'Donnell (!). And yes, she'll sing that @#!*% *Titanic* song.



SERIES FINALE

10-11PM

BABYLON 5 (TNT, TV-PG) Frankly, I've never been a super-huge fan of *Babylon 5*. Though appreciative of what creator J. Michael Straczynski was doing with the series (the labyrinthine plots, the strict continuity), I was never a superfan. It was always a little too insider-y for me. But watching the saga's moving swan song had me feeling I'd missed out on something. And, as Bruce Boxleitner's President Sheridan bid teary farewells to his friends (including Steven Furst's Vir, above) and his crew, and Straczynski turned off the lights (literally; watch for his quick cameo as the technician who does the deed), I figured out what it was: the bittersweet satisfaction of seeing a good thing I knew well come to its end. B+ —Marc Bernardin

THURSDAY

November 26

9AM-8PM

ALL BIRD TV DINNER (Animal Planet, TV-G) Ken Dial climbs mountains and fords streams searching for fetching feathered specimens in the all-day celebration.

9AM-12PM

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (NBC, TV-G) The life-endangering Cat in the Hat has been grounded, but Babe the pig, Dexter (of *Dexter's Laboratory*), and Maurice Sendak's *Wild Things* balloons will debut as replacements. Hosted by the chipper *Today* trio: Katie Couric, Matt Lauer, and Al Roker.

NOON-3PM

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (NBC, TV-G) By now, couch-potato inertia will more than likely have set in, so it's a good thing that NBC has stretched this 1946 holiday classic out for an extra hour.

NOON-MIDNIGHT

THE X-FILES SECRET BALLOT (FX, TV-14-V) Get spooky with it on turkey day. Twelve of the show's most fave eps—chosen via an online viewers' poll—air chronologically.

8-11PM

THE KING AND I (Fox Family Channel, TV-G) The 1956 musical—featuring Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr and Rodgers and Hammerstein—makes for a delightful turkey day nightcap.

9-11PM

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS (ABC, TV-PG-DL) Jodie Foster directed this 1995 dysfunctional family comedy, starring Holly Hunter, Robert Downey Jr., and Claire Danes.

9-11PM

HOLIDAY AT POPS (A&E, TV-G) Conductor Keith Lockhart leads the Boston Pops and the

Tanglewood Festival Chorus in some holiday tunes.

11:05PM-1AM

HOMAGE (Sundance Channel, R) It's *Good Will Stalking!* Buddy Faro's Frank Whaley plays a math genius who worms himself into the family of a junkie sitcom star (*Twin Peaks*' Sheryl Lee) he's obsessed with.



BRAND-NEW POOH

8-8:30PM

A WINNIE THE POOH THANKSGIVING (ABC, TV-G) Once you're chockful of stuffing and supersaturated with wall-to-wall football games, let the pudgy Pooh bear and his adorable pals lull you into a nice tryptophan slumber. Pooh & Co. are preparing to celebrate an untraditional Thanksgiving dinner—complete with honey, acorns, and melted ice cream—when that fussbudgety Rabbit tells them they're doing it all wrong. He sends Pooh and Piglet off to bag a Thanksgiving bird, resulting in a bouncy disaster punctuated by catchy, hit-and-run musical numbers. Before you can say "moral of the story," the raggedy bunch realize friends and loved ones are all that matter on the holidays. This special may be sweeter than canned cranberry sauce, but it's so darn cute you won't even notice the corny aftertaste. B+

SHOP 'TIL YOU DROP.



When you're out and about this holiday season, remember all the good you do when you give to The Salvation Army. The help and hope you give make wonderful things happen for people at Thanksgiving and Christmas. But that's just the beginning. Throughout the year, unskilled workers become self-sufficient through job training and placement. Troubled kids learn how to be leaders. Shut-ins and the elderly receive

visitors. Victims of disaster find relief. And families are reestablished through substance abuse programs. These are just some of the ways generosity like yours has touched the lives of more than 26 million individuals over the past year. And the donations we receive during the holidays allow this important work to continue. So the next time you're out shopping and see a red kettle, be sure and drop in.



NEED KNOWS NO SEASON

www.salvationarmyusa.org

WHAT TO WATCH

FRIDAY

November 27

8-9PM

THE SNOWDEN, RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY HOLIDAY SHOW (CBS, TV-G) Skating stars Scott Hamilton and Ekaterina Gordeeva frolic with the magic snowman and his rag-doll pals.

9-9:30PM

SABRINA, THE TEENAGE WITCH (ABC, TV-G) Sabrina learns all about beauty from her wart-covered cousin, Susie.

9-10PM

CITY CONFIDENTIAL (A&E, TV-PG) "Midnight in Miami": A woman hires a hitman to kill her socialite husband.



LEGISLATING FEMINISM

9-10PM*

A WOMAN'S PLACE (PBS, TV-PG) With its chilling statistics and plethora of tired proverbs, this documentary about three women fighting for equal rights (among them Flavia Agnes, above, a lawyer in Bombay, India) reminds viewers that suffrage is a 20th-century Western invention. Too bad *Place's* slow pace and pedantic feel undermine that harrowing message. **C**

—Tricia Laine

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

SATURDAY

November 28

3-7PM

TOP 25 VIDEOS OF THE DECADE COUNTDOWN (MTV) Bargain alert: 25 videos in four hours boils down to about 6.25 clips per hour, which is way more than MTV usually offers.

9-11PM

BOSTON RED SOX AT NEW YORK METS (ESPN Classic Sports) Relive the notorious (or glorious, for Mets fans) 1986 World Series game 6 that will forever haunt Bill Buckner.

9-11PM

BARB WIRE (Sci-Fi Channel, TV-14-V) Pamela Anderson Lee sports a dizzying array of boob-baring outfits as the 21st-century crime-fighting bombshell.

10-11PM

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE: BEST OF COMMERCIAL PARODY (NBC, TV-PG) It's a floor cleaner, a dessert topping, and a clip show.



A LITTLE BIT COUNTRY

8-10PM

CMA 40TH: A CELEBRATION (CBS, TV-G) It was a honky-tonk heaven when more than 200 country crooners gathered at the Nashville Arena for the CMA's anniversary special. Look for a raucous, multi-performer rendition of "Take Me Home, Country Roads" as a show highlight. "I was singing off-key at one point, just to throw off Kris Kristofferson," says singer Clint Black (above). "It was funny to me, but I know it made some people sick."

SUNDAY

November 29



HURRY UP, THE METER'S RUNNING

8-10PM

ALDRICH AMES: TRAITOR WITHIN (Showtime, TV-14) Timothy Hutton stars as the notorious turncoat who spent eight years feeding secrets to the KGB. Joan Plowright is the CIA agent who tracks him down.

8:30-9PM

THAT '70S SHOW (Fox, TV-PG-L) Guest Marion Ross stars as Grandma Foreman, whose visit causes Kitty some very Unhappy Days.

8-9PM

STORYTELLERS: TONY BENNETT AND THE BACK-STREET BOYS (VH1/Nickelodeon, TV-G) The legendary crooner shows the chart-topping brats how it's done in a benefit concert taped in New York.

9-10PM

THE X-FILES (Fox, TV-PG-LV) Two inevitabilities come to pass in "Dreamland": Ubiquitous guest star Michael McKean adds X to his résumé, and Mulder and Scully visit Area 51. (Part 1 of 2.)

10-11PM

OUR FAVORITE FUN FOOD (Discovery Channel, TV-G) Who knew that Dr. Pepper contains 23 different fla-

9-11PM

CAB TO CANADA (CBS) *Driving Miss Daisy* meets *Taxi* in this Thanksgiving-themed treat. After a friend's death, an independent-minded senior (Maureen O'Hara, above left) decides that a scenic drive from California to Vancouver is just what she needs to spice up her life. Enter unsuspecting hack Mike (Jason Beghe, center), who is none too thrilled to be her designated driver, despite the very lucrative fare. This being a holiday heartwarmer, you can see where *Cab's* heading from a mile away (the dueling duo become best friends), but the journey is nothing short of charming. **B+** —Shawna Malcom

vors? Learn that and other tasty trivia morsels (including how the filling gets inside a Twinkie!) in the reverent junk-food exposé.

10-11PM

THE PRACTICE (ABC, TV-PG-L) Tommy Silva (Tony Danza) starts building a case against the firm, Bobby defends another vicious criminal, and it's Rebecca's turn to have an ethical crisis.

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MERIT

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Heeeere's Larry

Just when you thought smarmy talk-show host Larry Sanders was part of our TV past, Garry Shandling revives him in a faux memoir. But the comic's own *Confessions* might make a funnier book. **by Bruce Fretts**

EARLY IN HIS BLANDLY titled mock autobiography, **Confessions of a Late Night Talk Show Host**, Garry Shandling's alter egomaniac, Larry Sanders, goes to see his shrink, who complains that he's never been asked to pen his memoirs. "Why would anyone ask him to write a

book?" Sanders wonders. "His therapy might pass for comedy, but it was full of dated material that you could hear at any Friars Club roast." The sad truth is, the same could be said of *Confessions*.

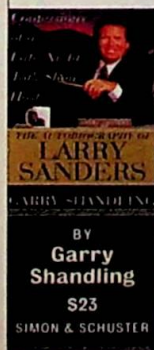
Originally expected midway through the six-year run of Shandling's Emmy-winning

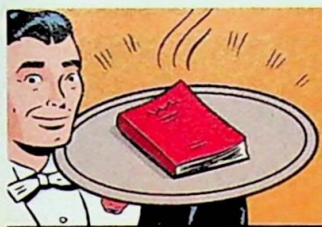
HBO satire, *The Larry Sanders Show*, the book (written with David Rensin) was repeatedly pushed back and now appears six months after the sitcom's send-off. This delay could account for some of the staler references (Rush Limbaugh, Barry Scheck), but not for the corniness of

many of the jokes. "One time I made Kelsey Grammer laugh so hard on the show," Shandling writes, "that he peed in my pants."

You can almost picture Shandling squeezing laughs out of some of these groaners with his wincing delivery

("Many women wanted to sleep with me after the show. Some even wanted to have sex"). But the comedian doesn't seem to understand that what works on stage doesn't





NEW in Paperback

Popcorn Ben Elton (*St. Martin's Griffin*, \$13.95, first published in 1996) Art imitates life imitating art in this ruthlessly funny satire of Quentin Tarantino.

Fritz Lang Patrick McGilligan (*St. Martin's Griffin*, \$19.95, 1997) Thorough, deferential biography of the film auteur never provides definitive answers—but does mine his movies for tantalizing clues.

Adventures in a TV Nation Michael Moore & Kathleen Glynn (*Harper-Perennial*, \$13, 1998) In-your-face documentarian and working-class advocate chronicles the development of his late, Emmy-award-winning newsmagazine show.

always translate to the page.

Despite the title, too much of *Confessions* of a Late Night Talk Show Host concerns Sanders' life before he became a late-night talk-show host—his miserable childhood (“In second grade, the kids called me ‘four eyes,’ even though I didn’t wear glasses”—*ba-dum-bum!*), failed first marriage to Francine (oddly, his second wife, Jeannie, is never mentioned), and early stand-up career (with unamusing anecdotes about Gabe Kaplan, whose sitcom, *Welcome*

Back, Kotter, Shandling actually wrote for).

Once Sanders finally lands his hosting gig more than halfway through the book, things get a bit more interesting. We learn that producer Artie (Rip Torn) cut his shark’s teeth with Jack Paar and Jackie Gleason, and that fatuous sidekick Hank Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor) was working as a cruise-ship director when he met Larry. Yet some of this material seems inconsistent, not just with the show but within the book: Sleazy Stevie Grant (Bob Odenkirk), who was fired in the series finale, is inexplicably referred to as both “my new agent” and “my ex-agent.”

Occasionally, *Confessions* parodies celebrity tell-alls with the same fierce wit of the sitcom’s scripts. Sanders admits he was never molested by his parents, observing sharply that “after I was born, my parents were hardly interested in having sex with each other, let alone me.” But the book crosses the line into cruelty more often than the series ever did—for instance, making fun of *Family Feud* host Ray Combs’ suicide: “Ray killed himself after doing six years of that show. Who wouldn’t?”

One of *Larry Sanders’* great guessing games was how much of Garry was in Larry. Flipping through this dispiriting volume, you begin to wish Shandling had dropped the Sanders mask and simply written his own autobiography. Frustratingly, every time Shandling starts to flirt with self-revelation (“I was a fat child”), he quickly reverts to tired showbiz gags (“...an agent is not really a person”).

But just when you’re ready to conclude Shandling is suffering from a severe identity crisis, he pulls out the penultimate chapter, a hilariously self-lacerating interview with God that Sanders imagines conducting after his death. “If only I could have booked him while

I was alive,” Sanders regrets. “But then the truth of the matter is Artie would have bumped him for Jewel.”

Confessions concludes with a picture of Sanders/Shandling in Tahiti and these words: “I love you all. I’ll be back.” I only hope that’s Garry talking, not Larry. **C+**

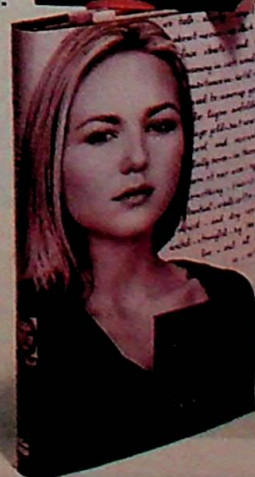
BETWEEN THE LINES

The inside scoop on the book world

■ **THE LIFE OF O'BRIAN** Patrick O'Brian, 83, author of celebrated seafaring novels, has always played up his Irish Catholic roots. But as it turns out, he's not Irish, not Catholic, not even an O'Brian. After a BBC documentary in September raised some questions about his past, London's *Daily Telegraph* did some digging and discovered he was born in England and changed his name from Richard Patrick Russ after World War II. Dean King, who is writing a biography of O'Brian for Holt, has learned that O'Brian even penned two novels under his old name, publishing the first when he was just 15. “They’re really wonderful books,” says King. “Whether he’d want them in print again is unclear.” **Starling Lawrence**, O'Brian's American editor at Norton, doesn't rule out republishing the early books but says there will be no repackaging of the current novels. “He is defined by the books he's written,” Lawrence says. “This is all a tempest in a teapot.”

■ **THE LOVE BUG** Jewel might want to get her *Hands* on this: The jacket of the pop songstress' best-selling poetry tome, *A Night Without Armor*, looks strikingly similar to the cover of a 1995 teenybopper paperback in Bantam's “Love Stories” series. The book's packaging company, 17th Street Productions, noticed the resemblance after reading about Jewel's literary effort in, of all places, *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*. “We were like, ‘Damn, this looks like *My First Love* with that mall chick on it!’” says spokesperson Ryan Nerz. Nevertheless, 17th Street isn't threatening legal action, and *Armor's* publisher, HarperCollins, had no comment. We're guessing it was just a coincidence: Jewel wouldn't be caught dead in that outfit — **Clarissa Cruz and Matthew Flamm**

ARMOR COATED? Jewel and alter ego



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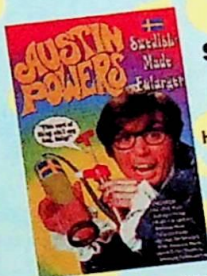
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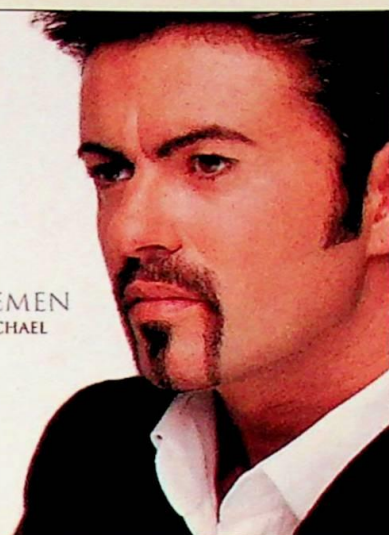
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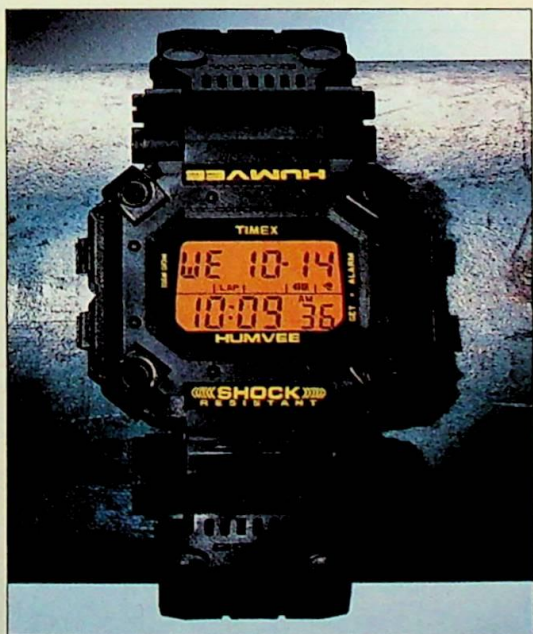
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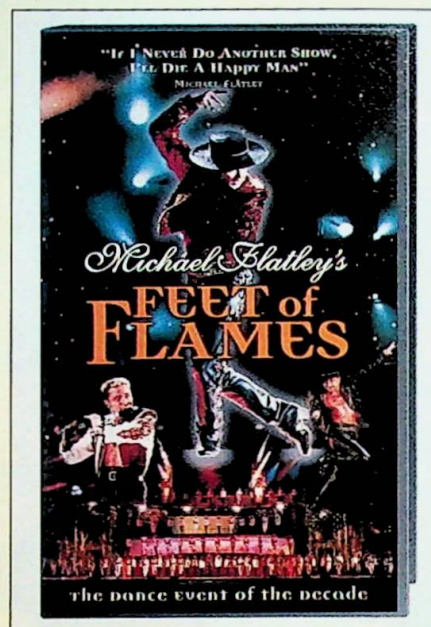
A woman's most difficult role is to be a good

- a) mother
- b) wife
- c) daughter

The hardest thing for a man to put down is

- a) remote control
- b) toilet seat
- c) himself

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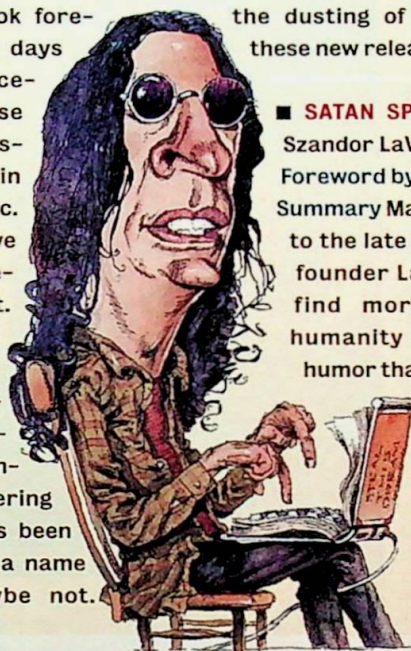
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INTRODUCTION

MOVE OVER, academics and experts. When it comes to book forewords, these days it's usually celebrities whose words of wisdom are sought to draw in the finicky book-buying public. "Books do well when they have an endorsement by an independent authority," says St. Martin's Calvert Morgan, who edited *Vertigo: The Making of a Hitchcock Classic* with a foreword by Martin Scorsese. "It [allows] consumers to do a little filtering when buying; they know it's been looked at and approved by a name they recognize." Or maybe not.



"Everyone asks me to write a foreword because they believe it will help sell their book," grouses Howard Stern, in the preamble to Larry Sloman's Abbie Hoffman bio, *Steal This Dream*. "No one buys the book for the foreword." Still, the dusting of star power on these new releases can't hurt....

■ SATAN SPEAKS! by Anton
 Szandor LaVey (*Feral House*)
 Foreword by Marilyn Manson
 Summary Manson gives props
 to the late Church of Satan
 founder LaVey. Excerpt “I
 find more respect for
 humanity in his blackest
 humor than in the passion-
 less zealotry
 that perpetu-
 ates all other
 conventional
 religions.... An-
 ton LaVey shared
 his magic, and I



think it has made this wretched f---ing planet a better place."

■ **UNDERGROUND** by Marco Pesaresi (*Aper-ture*) Introduction by Francis Ford Coppola Summary Oscar winner recalls writing a movie scene while stuck in public trans- portation in this picture book's intro. Excerpt "How much simpler a setting for a story or a film can you get, with such a broad range of characters, than a subway car?... Even the longest, most uncomfort- able ride, though, gives me the mental space to rethink and challenge my work. Great ideas come from that."

■ **STYLE ON HAND** by Elisa Ferri and Lisa Kenny (*Universe*) Preface by Stephanie Seymour Summary The *Victoria's Secret* sex kitten emphasizes the importance of well-manicured talons. Excerpt "No matter how pretty your hair is or how beautiful you look in that perfect little black dress, you cannot get around the fact that if your nails aren't done, *you're* not done." —CC

Friday

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SHOWTIME
NO LIMITS

The Week

Nonfiction

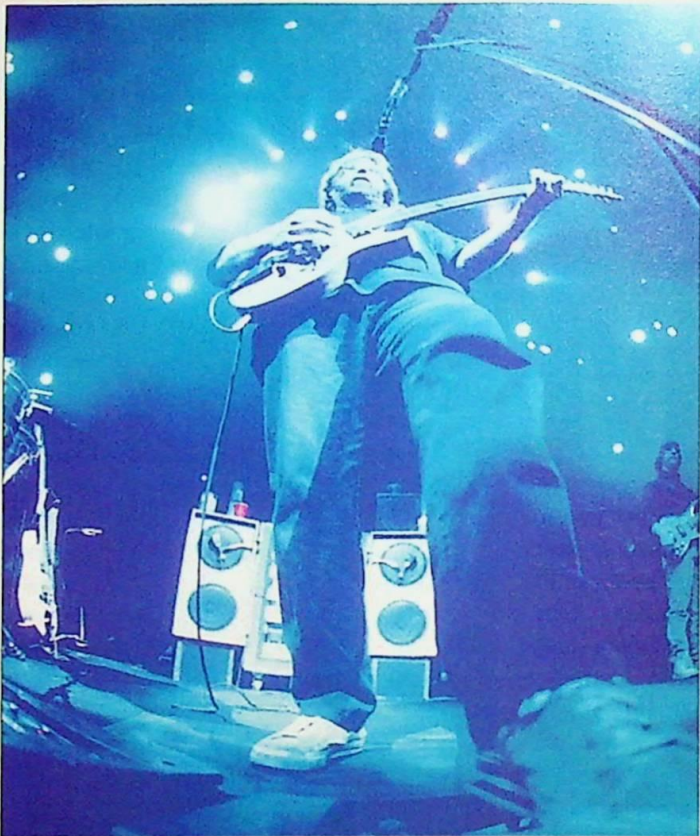
THE PHISH BOOK Richard Gehr and Phish (Villard, \$29.95) How Dead-head-style times have changed: Phish, "the most popular cult band" (according to music writer Gehr), are afforded an upscale, band-sanctioned coffee-table book. As with Phish's music, *The Phish Book* doesn't conform to conventional structures. Tracing a year in their life (1996-97), it alternates Gehr's effusive, notch-above-fanzine narrative with non-acidic flashbacks of the band members discussing their favorite records, bands, and gigs. The design and photography are sharp and stylish. But noninitiates will still end up bewildered by the appeal of these uncharismatic noodleheads. **B** —David Browne

AT HOME WITH THE MARQUIS DE SADE: A LIFE Francine du Plessix Gray (Simon & Schuster, \$27.50) While numerous bios have detailed the Marquis de Sade's libertine ways, *New Yorker* contributor Gray's is one of the first to focus on his wife, Renée-Pélagie de Montreuil, who discovered her husband's proclivities after their arranged marriage in 1763. While tracing Sade's notorious scandals—his byzantine orgies; his kidnappings, torture, and drugging of women; his decade in prison—Gray interweaves the couple's correspondence, in which De Montreuil proved a devoted, fully cognizant helpmate to her bullying husband (her own disgusted mother, meanwhile, was

instrumental in Sade's imprisonment). Gray's brazen account of the marriage ends in 1790, when De Montreuil, wearying of "psychic battering," finally sought a divorce. **B** —Megan Harlan

CUE THE BUNNY ON THE RAINBOW Alan Rafkin (Syracuse University Press, \$26.95) You'd think after working on more than 80 shows, veteran sitcom director Alan Rafkin would have some better anecdotes for his so-called behind-the-scenes memoir. Alas, *Cue the Bunny* offers only thin, hardly scintillating tidbits: *Laverne & Shirley* stars Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams sometimes made the wardrobe woman cry; *Coach* lead Craig T. Nelson ignored the soundstage's "No Smoking" rule; Aaron Spelling once asked for reshoots of *The Love Boat* because he didn't like an actress' hair. Rafkin, 70, also crosses the too-much-information boundary several times when discussing his sex life ("I'd never smoked pot before and that night we made love...at least six times"), which will surely elicit only laugh-track-style audience groans. **C-** —Kristen Baldwin

DRAGONFLY: NASA AND THE CRISIS ABOARD MIR Bryan Burrough (HarperCollins, \$26.95) In the warm, Wolfen afterglow of John Glenn's latest journey through space, the spectre of the *Mir* space station and its panoply of disasters seemed a distant nightmare—until this meticulous account of the ill-fated three-year Russian-



GO PHISH A new book glorifies the cult band, including Trey Anastasio

American partnership there. Journalist Burrough (Barbarians at the Gate) provides a close look at the ground-level jockeying and verbal jousting of striving astronauts, chest-puffing NASA bureaucrats, and the tradition-rooted Russians. The choking, isolated intensity of the mission itself (especially the minute-by-minute account of a 1997 station-craft collision) is at once thrilling and terrifying, leavened by dryly startling details, like the smuggled-on vodka-filled "drink bags." More *Apollo 13* than *The Right Stuff* in its demeanor, *Dragonfly*

is a fitting testament to those who endured, rather than enjoyed, their time on *Mir*. **A-** —Will Lee

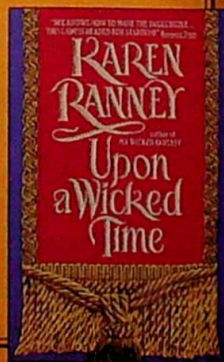
Fiction

THE JEWELS OF TESSA KENT Judith Krantz (Crown, \$25.95) A Judith Krantz book can be as reassuringly familiar as an old blanket. You know, after all, what you're going to get when you crawl under the covers: lavish gowns, lavish homes, lavish sex, and a main character marked by passion, ambition, and—of course—beauty. In *Jewels* the heroine is Tessa

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

If you're looking for a real discovery over the long Thanksgiving weekend, we recommend Peter Robinson's latest novel, **BLOOD AT THE ROOT**, just out in paperback. In the distinguished tradition of Elizabeth George or P.D. James, Mr. Robinson brings his readers a feast of skillful writing, clever and fast-paced mystery plotting, and, best of all, a wonderful British setting in North Yorkshire. He's been praised by everyone from *People* to *The New York Times Book Review*—and this coming weekend would be a great time for you to join the chorus.

In the same land, but two hundred years earlier, beautiful Tessa Astley fell in love with a portrait of the handsome young duke who owned the nearby estate. But be careful what you wish for: once she won him in marriage, the duke quickly abandoned her and took his rakish ways to London. Now it's up to Tessa to tame this wild nobleman and help the real man, the one she loves, emerge from his grand façade. It all happens **UPON A WICKED TIME**, in the passionate new novel by Karen Ranney.



Kent, a good Catholic girl whose out-of-wedlock baby is raised as her sister while she becomes an Oscar-winning actress. Tessa decides to claim her daughter only when she discovers she has inoperable cancer (nothing ever occurs in a Krantz novel in half measures). Needless to say, they all live happily, if not forever, after. This time, Ms. Krantz's blanket is starting to fray along the edges. **B-** —Vanessa V. Friedman

THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN Alice Munro (Knopf, \$24) For anyone who still hasn't discovered Munro (*Friend of My Youth*, *Open Secrets*), this latest collection amply demonstrates her talents. Whether she's exploring friendship, fidelity, aging, or motherhood, Munro delivers uncanny insights into relationships and why people often make such unusual choices in life. The lengthy title story rambles, but tightly constructed, artfully composed tales like "Cortés Island"—in which a dying man infiltrates his tenant's dreams—will haunt readers just as indelibly. **A-** —William Stevenson

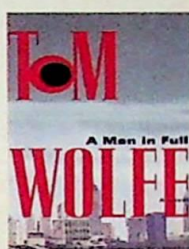
A LONG FINISH Michael Dibdin (Pantheon, \$24) Italian criminalpol officer Aurelio Zen—"intelligent, devious and effective"—is back in another broody, atmospheric mystery. Here Zen is sent on a detecting mission to Alba, a Piedmontese village in the heart of wine and truffle country, where murders tend to evoke decades-old feuds, complicated by love and politics. Still, with a little help from the fast-talking, lecherous, Scarlati-loving village doctor and a mysterious young woman named Carla, Zen manages to hold his own, and to give nothing away—except for an old family recipe for curing the common cold that involves copious amounts of raw garlic and red wine. Try this one at home. **B** —Daneet Steffens

BLUE LIGHT Walter Mosley (Little, Brown, \$24) Fans of the Easy Rawlins mystery series may find themselves perplexed, and more than a little bored, by the turn Mosley has taken with this pseudosci-fi thriller about the Blues, an underground community—in the San Francisco of the mid-'60s, no less—that has been zapped by a *Pottergeist*-like metaphysical force that evolves human consciousness to a dangerously heightened level. The novel's inertia is only sporadically relieved by Gray Man, a Blues foe with a penchant for carnage. Not even artful prose can rescue Mosley, who seems cowed by his own New Age-y concept. **C** —Charles Winecoff

BEST-SELLERS

'FULL' THROTTLE

WITH PANACHE that would make its manly man hero Charlie Crocker proud, *A Man in Full* swagged to the top of the chart, perched on a pile of sterling reviews. Hailed by many as the definitive book of the '90s, the 742-page tome has 1.3 million copies in print after two pressruns. Just call it Southern comfort.



FICTION

WEEKS ON LIST

- 1 **A MAN IN FULL** Tom Wolfe, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$28.95 1
- 2 **WHEN THE WIND BLOWS** James Patterson, Little, Brown, \$25 2
- 3 **THE PATH OF DAGGERS** Robert Jordan, Tor, \$27.95 3
- 4 **THE VAMPIRE ARMAND** Anne Rice, Knopf, \$26.95 4
- 5 **THE POISONWOOD BIBLE** Barbara Kingsolver, HarperCollins, \$27.50 5
- 6 **BAG OF BONES** Stephen King, Scribner, \$28 7
- 7 **MIRROR IMAGE** Danielle Steel, Delacorte, \$26.95 1
- 8 **ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT** Mary Higgins Clark, Simon & Schuster, \$17 4
- 9 **THE HAMMER OF EDEN** Ken Follett, Crown, \$25.95 3
- 10 **MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA** Arthur Golden, Knopf, \$25 50

NONFICTION

- 1 **TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE** Mitch Albom, Doubleday, \$19.95 54
- 2 **SOMETHING MORE** Sarah Ban Breathnach, Warner, \$20 4
- 3 **THE BREAST CANCER PREVENTION DIET** Dr. Bob Arnot, Little, Brown, \$24 3
- 4 **IF LIFE IS A GAME, THESE ARE THE RULES** Cherie Carter-Scott, Broadway, \$15 8
- 5 **IN THE MEANTIME** Iyanla Vanzant, Simon & Schuster, \$23 31
- 6 **FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME** Michael Jordan, Crown, \$50 2
- 7 **SUGAR BUSTERS!** H. Leighton Steward, Morrison C. Bethea, M.D., Sam S. Andrews, M.D., and Luis A. Balart, M.D., Ballantine, \$22 28
- 8 **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS** Laura Schlessinger and Stewart Vogel, HarperCollins, \$24 9
- 9 **THE 9 STEPS TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM** Suze Orman, Crown, \$23 34
- 10 **THE PROFESSOR AND THE MADMAN** Simon Winchester, HarperCollins, \$20 3

MASS-MARKET PAPERBACKS

- 1 **DR. ATKINS' NEW DIET REVOLUTION** Robert C. Atkins, M.D., Avon, \$6.50 94
- 2 **TOM CLANCY'S POWER PLAYS: RUTHLESS.COM** Tom Clancy and Martin Greenberg, Berkley, \$7.99 4
- 3 **CAT & MOUSE** James Patterson, Warner, \$7.99 5
- 4 **THE GHOST** Danielle Steel, Dell, \$7.50 1
- 5 **THE MacGREGOR GROOMS** Nora Roberts, Silhouette, \$6.99 4

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careful,
the ink might
still be wet.

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New Live Crew

It's show time! Just try to resist the lure of high-voltage concert discs by the likes of Garth, Hanson, and Pearl Jam. **by David Browne**

UNLIKE THOSE MARK TWAIN RUMORS, reports of the death of the live album have *not* been greatly exaggerated. In the wake of music videos and genres like techno and rap (neither one known for stage acts worth preserving on record), the time-honored concert album became irrelevant, with only the occasional *MTV Unplugged* disc providing life support. In the last year, though, the live disc has made something of a comeback, thanks to both the new generation of jam bands (Dave Matthews, Phish) and unearthed opuses like Bob Dylan's *Live 1966*, the latter a jolting reminder that the best stage recordings can be educational and enthralling.

In honor of this fall's slew of concert albums—almost two dozen, in genres ranging from classic rock to trip-hop and ska-core—we've devoted this week's entire music review section to the genre. So grab a Bic lighter and a hot dog, light up your tobacco of choice, and once again revel in that woozy combination of regurgitated hits, cheering crowds, and interminable instrumental solos!



ARTIST Garth Brooks, *Double Live* (Capitol)

PREMISE The bug-eyed king of arena country, captured live on 25 tracks between 1991 and '98. "For Garth, what the tour has been about is simple—people," says a press release.

REAL PREMISE What the *album* is about is simple too: It's Brooks' bid to fulfill his obsessively demented goal of selling more records than the Beatles—courtesy of a counts-as-two double CD that could give him the extra 20 or so mil he needs.

REASON WE LIKE LIVE ALBUMS All the hits (the best delivered with more punch than the original studio takes), plus pristine audio quality better than any muddy arena PA system

REASON WE HATE LIVE ALBUMS The roaring audience is even louder and more obnoxious than the screaming teens on *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl* (co-incidence?), and when they're not cheering, they're singing along—sometimes throughout *entire songs*. Didn't we pay to hear Garth sing?

SAMPLE PATTERN "Yeah!" "Awright!" and other demonstrations of Brooks' aw-bucks enthusiasm

SHOCKING REVELATION Numerous studio overdubs, including a choir. No wonder everything sounds so perfect.



ARTISTS Various, *VH1 Divas Live* (Epic)

PREMISE Recording of the VH1-sponsored charity concert—the first-ever hoedown by divas old (Aretha Franklin, Gloria Estefan), new (Shania Twain), borrowed (Celine Dion, from Canada), and not-so-blue-since-her-divorce (Mariah Carey)

REAL PREMISE To prove these divas aren't such terrible people—they shared a stage without clawing each other's plucked brows out, right?

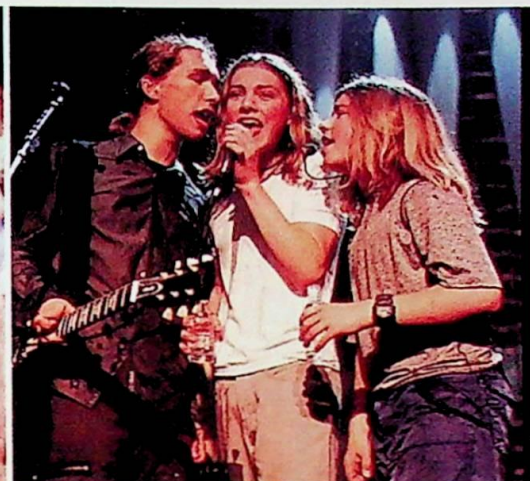
REASON WE LIKE LIVE ALBUMS List of participants ensures you won't have to endure your least favorite diva for more than two or three songs. Consider four potentially horrifying words: Celine Dion—*Double Live*!

REASON WE HATE LIVE ALBUMS Hotel-lounge-band arrangements; full-ensemble shrieking match at the conclusion of "A Natural Woman" may be fascinating viewing but makes for water-torture-like home listening.

SAMPLE PATTERN Disappointingly, mostly a series of very un-diva-ish blanditudes like "I'm so thrilled to share the stage tonight with such incredible talent." The anti-meow!

SHOCKING REVELATION Aretha sounds distressingly out of breath on "Chain of Fools."





ARTISTS Pearl Jam,
Live on Two Legs
(Epic)

PREMISE Souvenir
of the grunge die-

hards' first full arena tour since their
feud with Ticketmaster

REAL PREMISE Either to demonstrate
their new accessibility and tightened
chops—or to compensate for a live
disc released through (and then pulled
from) the Best Buy chain this summer

REASON WE LIKE LIVE ALBUMS Despite
the band's continuing self-importance
and fuzzy-around-the-edges arrange-
ments, this set of uptight anthems
("Corduroy," "Better Man," "Go") packs
a post-grunge wallop. Also, check out
the way "Daughter" segues into Neil
Young's "Rockin' in the Free World."

REASON WE HATE LIVE ALBUMS They left
out "Spin the Black Circle" in favor of
the semi-tune "Untitled"?

SAMPLE PATTERN "Uh, this is a nice little
ditty here," mumbles Eddie Vedder—
just to prove that even though they're
playing ball with Ticketmaster again,
they haven't sold out, okay?

SHOCKING REVELATION Vedder's a real
yukster: "This one's called, uh, 'Longest
Title in the Pearl Jam Catalog,'" he
says, introducing "Elderly
Woman Behind the Counter in
a Small Town."



ARTISTS Aerosmith, *A
Little South of Sanity*
(Geffen)

PREMISE Celebrating
25 years of double-

entendre stadium rock and hoary power
ballads, from "Dream On" through "Hole
in My Soul," taped at shows between
1993 and 1998.

REAL PREMISE To fulfill a contractual
obligation to Geffen, the Sony band's
previous label

REASON WE LIKE LIVE ALBUMS As with
Steven Tyler's body, there's little fatty
tissue here. Sounding tight, well
rehearsed, and utterly professional,
Tyler, Joe Perry, and the gang bound en-
ergetically from one hit to another.

REASON WE HATE LIVE ALBUMS "Tight,"
"well rehearsed," and "professional" are
positive attributes for a band of recover-
ing addicts, but they don't make for
much in the way of surprises or spon-
taneity, both missing from this double
CD. (Then again, Tyler sings a bit of "Hey
Jude" before "Dude [Looks Like a Lady]!")

SAMPLE PATTERN "Oh, West Palm Beach!
What the f--- are you *smokin'*?" leers
eternal teen Steven Tyler.

SHOCKING REVELATION For all their cre-
ative ups and downs, these geezers can
still summon up more nerve
and verve than a box of
matchbox 20s.



ARTISTS Hanson, *Live
From Albertane* (Mer-
cury)

PREMISE So you still
think the Oklahoma

teens can't hit the notes or play their
instruments very well? They'll show *you*
with this concert disc, recorded in
cred-central Seattle at that!

REAL PREMISE Can you say, "It's gift-giv-
ing season, and the hit-starved division
of PolyGram needs another piece of
Hanson product in the bins"?

REASON WE LIKE LIVE ALBUMS Hanson
live don't sound the same as Hanson in
the studio, so the ragged-but-pretty-
right *Live* isn't simply a rehash of *Mid-
dle of Nowhere*. A spunky new tune,
"Ever Lonely," almost compensates for
jejune remakes of boomer rock
warhorses like "Gimme Some Lovin'"
and "Money (That's What I Want)."

REASON WE HATE LIVE ALBUMS Reeks of
holding action—and given the Christ-
mas and early-year CDs that preceded
it, the Hanson lads have been holding it
a bit long now.

SAMPLE PATTERN "Man, you guys know
how to *rock*!"—followed, amusingly
enough, by the squeals of thousands of
un-guy-like girls

SHOCKING REVELATION Never
mind Taylor—even drummer
Zak's voice is growing deeper!



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HEAR AND NOW

This week on the music beat

■ **HEY, JUDE** Could the timing of Maverick recording artist **Jude**'s song "**Rick James**" have been more unfortunate? The tune, which is scheduled to be released as a single in January and is on the L.A.-based neo-folkie's recent debut album, includes such provocative lyrics as "Don't be fooled/Don't be flattered/It's not like you ever mattered." Jude, 29, insists the song is not an attack on James, who suffered a debilitating stroke on Nov. 9 and is now unable to walk. "It was a poem long before it was a song, and the poem was written about someone else altogether," says the singer-songwriter. The song's chorus, which attempts to replicate James' super-freaky musical style, came as an afterthought: "It's really more of a shout-out to Rick. It's all about wishing he were there playing with us so we could sound a little funkier." Both Jude and Maverick express regret at James' misfortune but say they don't plan to change the song's title. Should they reconsider, they could always call it "M.C. Hammer."

■ **MELLENCAMP FIRE** On VH1's current *John Mellencamp: Behind the Music*, a middle-aged friend of **Mellencamp's** named **John Sykes** discusses his buddy's health, love life, resilience, and general grooviness. What the show fails to divulge is that Sykes is the president of VH1—not to mention Mellencamp's former agent and manager. Sykes shrugs off criticism of his incognito appearance. "If they identified all the ways [my career has intersected] with John's, you couldn't see

just a tad curious—especially considering that Mellencamp's commercial star has faded? Mellencamp had no comment, but Sykes, who no longer has a financial stake in the singer's career, says his conscience is clear: "My friendship with him transcends any job I've ever had." Ain't that America?

■ **DIFFERENT DRUMMERS** **The Who's Keith Moon** was essentially chaos personified, so it makes sense that 20 years after his death, the skinsman continues to drum up controversy—in Hollywood, no less. Moon is the subject of two films: *Full Moon*, based on the book by Moon's ex-chauf-

feur Dougal Butler, is currently in development at Paramount with **Robert De Niro** producing, while **Who** frontman **Roger Daltrey** says he is working on a rival, as-yet-untitled film for Warner Bros. Exhibiting a Scrooge-like lack of largesse, Daltrey (who, aptly, is playing the Dickens skinflint in the Theater at Madison Square Garden production of *A Christmas Carol*) has refused to grant De Niro the rights to the **Who's** music. "I wish them all the best with their film," says Daltrey, "but I'm not going to be involved in their film, and it's as simple as that, nor is the **Who's** music." Although Daltrey's decision would seem to put the kibosh on the flick (can you imagine a movie about Moon without "My Generation"?), spokespeople for Paramount and De Niro's Tribeca Films declined to say if *Full Moon* will be eclipsed. —Tom Sinclair, with additional reporting by Sandra P. Angulo



JAMES



DE NIRO



MOON



Rachel Mellon
Missing Since 1/31/96



Shy'Kemmi Pate
Missing Since 9/4/98



Morgan Nick
Missing Since 6/9/95



Matthew Cooper
Missing Since 8/26/97



Ke'Shaun Vanderhorst
Missing Since 9/25/95



Marc Copeland
Missing Since 8/13/98



Wendy Von Huben
Missing Since 2/23/97



Rosa Camacho
Missing Since 10/24/97



Danielle Pitcher
Missing Since 5/23/93



Jacob Perez
Missing Since 8/14/98



Jessica Cain
Missing Since 3/17/94



Olga Mendez
Missing Since 2/6/98



Alexander Smallwood
Missing Since 3/15/98



Tineshia Jackson
Missing Since 3/2/98



Susan Capino
Missing Since 6/17/97



Celina Mays
Missing Since 12/16/96



Laura Adams
Missing Since 6/22/98



Karen Grajeda
Missing Since 1/11/96



Katherine Caner
Missing Since 5/15/98



Marco Cadenas
Missing Since 3/17/94



Crystal Dittmeyer
Missing Since 6/13/96



Jacob Wetterling
Missing Since 10/22/89



Constance Beard
Missing Since 7/18/98



Noah Gilbert
Missing Since 7/31/97



Guillermina Villegas
Missing Since 6/24/96



Brandi Cassidy
Missing Since 6/6/98



Shakeima Cabbagetaalk
Missing Since 7/22/93



Brandon Wendell
Missing Since 1/18/98



Samantha Wilcoxon
Missing Since 1/16/98



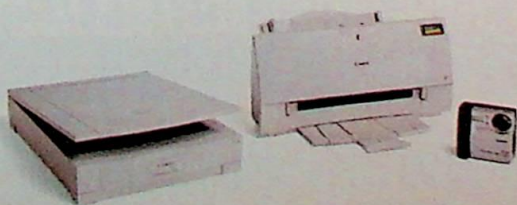
Max Schwaber
Missing Since 2/28/98

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Canon

The Week

Live

THE ROLLING STONES No Security (*Virgin*) Yes, it's unseemly that Mick and the boys forge on so long past the point of cultural relevance. Yet this souvenir of the venerable band's '97 tour has its moments, mixing strong newer material ("Saint of Me") with undisputed classics ("Gimme Shelter"), and sounding like, well, another halfway decent live Stones album. Now that we've truly got no expectations, we can take this for what it is: another trip to the Memory Motel with some journeyman rockers. **B-** —*TS*

PORTISHEAD PNYC (*Go! Beat/London*) Could anything be more useless than a live CD from Portishead—a group whose very soul seems defined by a hermetically sealed studio-bound agoraphobia? Surprise, surprise. With a 30-piece horn and string section, the group pumps up its cloistered fretting to an epic scale here. Chanteuse Beth Gibbons is downright fierce, while Adrian Utley's gnashing guitar

pushes her love laments deep into *Fatal Attraction* territory. Call it wide-screen trip-hop, and pass the popcorn. **A-** —*Will Hermes*

BEE GEES One Night Only (*Polydor*) Skim the surface of this Las Vegas tour de force from the Brothers Gibb, and you'll chuckle over the Robin/Barry falsettos on such disco staples as "Tragedy," "Stayin' Alive," and "You Should Be Dancing." Dig deeper, past the pitch-perfect three-part harmonies, into unforgettable classics like "Words," and the "I Started a Joke" trio is no laughing matter. Thirty-six years on, the Bee Gees—castrati moments aside—look and sound great. **B+** —*Tom Lanham*

311 Live (*Capricorn*) 311 made their rep on the road: a concept impossible to fathom from their first, sludgily recorded live album. As well, the ersatz homeboy stage patter is even worse than the band's raps. Adding insult to injury, they throw in the requisite live-album cliché, the endless



SOCIAL SECURITY Mick and mates trot out the new and tried-and-true

drum solo. The result gives funk-metal a bad name—if it could get any worse. **D-** —*Matt Diehl*

ROBYN HITCHCOCK Storefront Hitchcock (*Warner Bros.*) Looks like Brit-rock veteran Hitchcock might be primed for a renaissance, what with a classy solo concert film directed by Jonathan Demme and this tie-in soundtrack album. But if

that comes to pass, it's gonna be on Hitchcock's terms; he's a merry cynic with an unparalleled knack for making dark folly out of other people's misfortune and misery—sorta like that other, more famous Hitchcock. **A-** —*Marc Weingarten*

RUSH Different Stages (*Atlantic*) It takeschutzpah to put out a fourth live album if you're not the Dead



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COLUMBIA



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Billy Joel

Embarrassed by false reports of his induction last year, the piano man will make his way into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in March, along with big shots Bruce Springsteen, Curtis Mayfield, and Paul McCartney, among others.

or the Stones, but apparently Canada's most beloved power trio is determined to carry the prog-rock lighter—er, torch—into the new millennium. This three-CD set, from tours in '78 and '97, showcases how adeptly Rush can replicate masturbatory masterpieces like "2112" and "Natural Science." That said, the band's recent material rings hollow, the drum solo ain't happening, and you can find comparable versions of the halcyon tracks on the other three live discs. **C+** —Dan Snierson

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES *Live From the Middle East* (Big Rig/Mercury) Where better to showcase the feral style of the Bosstones' Dicky Barrett woofing to the manic rhythms of his Boston ska-punk juggernaut than on this hometown concert recording? Barrett races across 22 horn-punched thrashers like he's scented fox—the kind of rabid, party-down performance you rarely hear on live sets these days. **B+** —TL

GRATEFUL DEAD *Dick's Picks, Volumes One-Six* (Grateful Dead) The Dead are a bit like the Monica Lewinsky affair: You know where you stand and there's little chance you'll change your mind. Partisans will be grateful indeed for these archival CDs, previously available only by mail order. The best of these most-

ly multi-disc sets capture the band at their early '70s experimental peak, but even the iffy later disco-prog outings have great moments (skip the croaky '83 show). Obsessives should also look for *Vols. 7-12*, hitting stores soon. *Vol. 1* ('73): **A** *Vol. 2* ('71): **A-** *Vol. 3* ('77): **B+** *Vol. 4* ('70): **B+** *Vol. 5* ('79): **B-** *Vol. 6* ('83): **C+** —Rob Brunner

BLACK SABBATH *Reunion* (Epic) Even some classics can use a bit of updating. Case in point: Black Sabbath. However groundbreaking their first works, the recordings sound brittle and constricted by today's standards. That's resoundingly corrected by this new live album, recorded at the foursome's first reunion in 20 years, held last December in their native Birmingham, England. There's more thrust and bottom, and more space for Tony Iommi's evil leads. Even when Ozzy screeches wildly off-key, the album still sounds bloody brilliant. **B+** —Jim Farber

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Burt Bacharach: One Special Night* (N2K Encoded) Bacharach's banner year included the TNT homage from which this disc was culled. For every thrill—Chrissie Hynde's sexy "Baby It's You," Wynonna's bluesy "Anyone Who Had a Heart"—there are game but tepid attempts by All Saints, Ben Folds Five, and Bare-naked Ladies. And while Mike Myers' "What's New Pussycat?" was a hoot to watch, listening is another matter: What a relief when Dionne Warwick and Luther Vandross show how it's done. **B-** —Beth Johnson

SPIRITUALIZED *Live at Albert Hall* (Arista) It's only natural that alt-rock's answer to Pink Floyd would release an extravagant live album, but unlike Floyd's pulseless late-period live output, this two-CD set doesn't disappoint. Pumping up their guitar-heavy lineup with strings, horns, and a full gospel choir, the spaced-out Brits pour themselves into many of their best songs, upping the energy and intensity of the comfortably numb album versions. **A-** —RB

CHICK COREA AND ORIGIN *A Week at the Blue Note* (Stretch) There's far, far too much of a good thing on this six-CD live set, but the acoustic sextet Origin is certainly among the most vibrant ensembles their justifiably proud pianist leader has ever led. A hopping rhythm section and frisky players, including saxophonists Steve Wilson and Bob Shepard, keep Corea on his toes, and vice versa. **B** —Steve Futterman

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THE CHARTS

'R.' LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

SOUL MAN R. KELLY aimed to give Alanis a run for her money. But she's been competing in triathlons, after all, so we ought to have known that *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* would enjoy a second week in the lead, with 268,000 more sold. Kelly's double CD, *R.*, moved an initial 216,000 units—not bad considering that its retail price was \$5 to \$12 more than Morissette's in most stores. The other new top 10 debut was a No. 7 entry for 'N Sync's *Home for Christmas*, which, by selling 117,000, found a home right behind the lads' nonseasonal frosh effort.



POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART	
1	1	ALANIS MORISSETTE	2
		<i>Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie</i> , Maverick	
2	—	R. KELLY <i>R.</i> , Jive	1
3	4	CELINE DION <i>These Are Special Times</i> , 550 Music	2
4	3	JAY-Z <i>Vol. 2...Hard Knock Life</i> , Def Jam	7
5	2	U2 <i>Best of U2: 1980-1990</i> , Island	2
6	6	'N SYNC <i>'N Sync</i> , RCA	34
7	—	'N SYNC <i>Home for Christmas</i> , RCA	1
8	9	SHANIA TWAIN <i>Come On Over</i> , Mercury	54
9	8	DRU HILL <i>Enter the Dru</i> , Island Black Music	3
10	11	BACKSTREET BOYS <i>Backstreet Boys</i> , Jive	66

R&B ALBUMS

1	—	R. KELLY <i>R.</i> , Jive	1
2	1	JAY-Z <i>Vol. 2...Hard Knock Life</i> , Def Jam	8
3	2	SOUNDTRACK <i>Belly</i> , Def Jam	2
4	3	MIA X <i>Mama Drama</i> , No Limit/Priority	2
5	4	DRU HILL <i>Enter the Dru</i> , Island Black Music	2
6	—	112 <i>Room 112</i> , Bad Boy/Arista	1
7	—	PETE ROCK <i>Soul Survivor</i> , Loud/RCA	1
8	5	LAURYN HILL	12
		<i>The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill</i> , Ruffhouse/Columbia	
9	6	FAITH EVANS <i>Keep the Faith</i> , Bad Boy/Arista	3
10	8	OUTKAST <i>Aquemini</i> , LaFace	7

JAZZ ALBUMS

1	1	HERBIE HANCOCK <i>Gershwin's World</i> , Verve	4
2	2	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Jazz for a Rainy Afternoon</i> , 32 Jazz	22
3	3	DIANA KRALL <i>Love Scenes</i> , Impulse/GRP	64
4	4	DIANA KRALL	2
		<i>Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas</i> , Impulse/GRP	
5	8	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Yule B' Swingin'</i> , Uni/Hip-O	2
6	5	GARY BURTON <i>Like Minds</i> , Concord	2
7	6	MICHAEL FEINSTEIN <i>Michael & George</i> , Concord Jazz	9
8	7	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Jazz for the Quiet Times</i> , 32 Jazz	11
9	9	JOSHUA REDMAN	8
		<i>Timeless Tales (For Changing Times)</i> , Warner Bros.	
10	14	KEITH JARRETT/GARY PEACOCK/JACK DEJOHNETTE	9
		<i>Tokyo '96</i> , ECM	

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PG-13

Swash to Spare

Antonio Banderas strikes up the bandit again in *The Mask of Zorro*, an updated classic with the Spielberg touché. **by Michael Sauter**

CAN A HERO WHO DATES back to the silent era hold his own in the Age of Bruckheimer? For those speed-metal minds who want to taste full-bodied romance and revenge, **The Mask of Zorro**

packs more movie into its spacious 137 minutes than any event pic of recent memory. Reviving the saga of Spanish California's people's bandit, this *Zorro* is a refreshing throwback that's also thor-

oughly modern. And not for nothing is Steven Spielberg one of the film's executive producers. It rollicks with an exuberance we've rarely seen since *Indiana Jones* last careened across the screen.

Yet it's the oldfangled attention to plot and character that drives this fortified melodrama, in which Anthony Hopkins' aging Don Diego, a.k.a. Zorro, escapes from his 20-year imprisonment to avenge the death of his wife and find his long-lost daughter—aided by a handpicked successor (Antonio Banderas) who's pursuing his own vendetta against the local despots. But the filmmakers don't just give us another remake of a story told right the first—and second—time. They've honored the memory of Zorros past by making this very movie-conscious movie a sort of meta-sequel. Beyond *Robin Hood* it goes as the elder Zorro's incarceration and

escape evoke *The Count of Monte Cristo*; his love for his child harks to *Les Misérables*; his subterranean lair echoes the Batcave (though in truth it was Zorro who inspired that caped crusader); and the two Zorros' often comic master-student relationship recalls Merlin and young Arthur or, if you prefer, Obi-Wan Kenobi and Luke Skywalker.

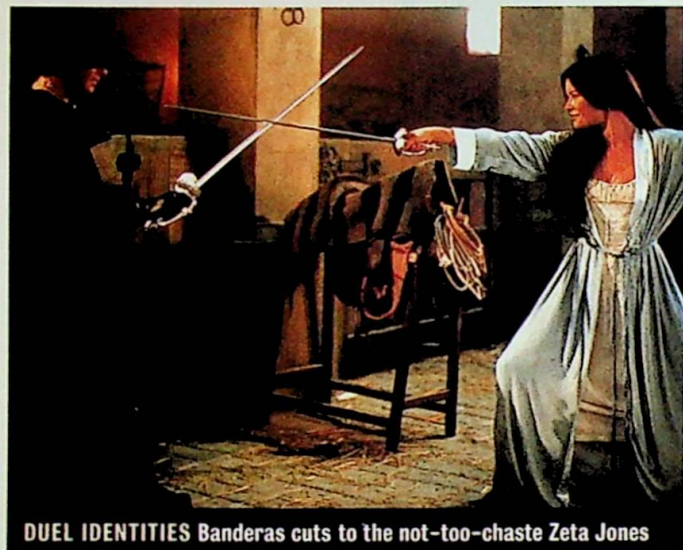
But in the end, this *Zorro* triumphs because it stays true to the pulp serial that inspired Douglas Fairbanks' 1920 silent **The Mark of Zorro**. An outlaw whose mocking raids belie a rebel fervor to overthrow the ruling class, Fairbanks' Zorro will forever be the standard. Leaping over rooftops and flying through windows, he set the bar exhilaratingly high.

In Rouben Mamoulian's

CAPED CRUSADER Banderas takes his cues from Fairbanks (seen here with Robert McKim and Marguerite De La Motte in 1920's *Mark*)

1940 remake **The Mark of Zorro**, Tyrone Power didn't even try to match Fairbanks' acrobatics. Instead, he elaborated on Zorro's alter ego—the deceptively indolent aristocrat Don Diego—creating a fop whose hankie waving is a comic contrast to Zorro's swordsmanship. Guy Williams was a less effete but no less docile Diego in 1960's **The Sign of Zorro** (cobbled together from the Disney syndicated TV series). But his Zorro was status quo, dispatching the governor's goons with grinning ease.

The devilish Banderas, the first Latin actor to play the role, blends all of the above in his Zorro, rising to chandelier-swinging heights Fairbanks might envy, and



DUEL IDENTITIES Banderas cuts to the not-too-chaste Zeta Jones

outclassing all Zorros with his ravishing leading lady, Catherine Zeta Jones, who plays Hopkins' daughter. Their smoldering chemistry flares in a lusty tango scene and an even sexier sword

fight. Before they've even kissed, these two are 1998's hottest screen couple.

If Banderas is the vital heart of this Zorro, Hopkins is its noble soul. As a warrior in his twilight, Hopkins'

Zorro takes his place among other swashbuckling heroes going out in a blaze of glory, from Sean Connery's Robin Hood in the autumnal *Robin and Marian* to Gabriel Byrne's D'Artagnan in *The Man in the Iron Mask*.

Between them, Banderas and Hopkins restore heroic stature to an image that had been trashed by such pretenders as Alain Delon in the spaghetti-Westernish Zorro (1974) and George Hamilton in the silly spoof *Zorro, the Gay Blade* (1981). But also give credit to director Martin Campbell, who, as he did for James Bond in *Goldeneye*, rejuvenates Zorro largely by letting him get back to his old self. *The Mask*: **A-** *The Mark* (1920): **A** *The Mark* (1940): **B+** *The Sign*: **B-**

FAST FORWARD

The latest from the home-video front

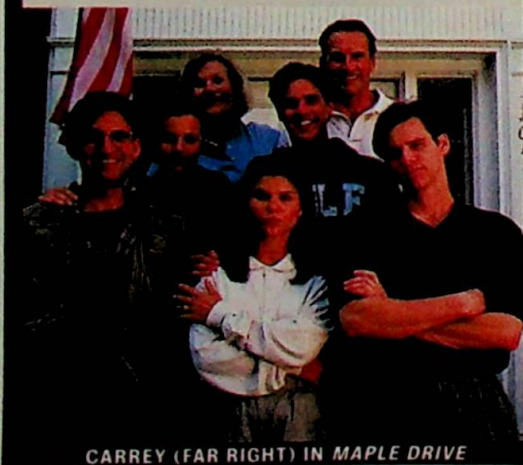
■ **WHERE'S MAPLE DRIVE?** *The Truman Show* may have earned **Jim Carrey** recognition as an actor, but he's shown his drama chops before. Witness *Doing Time on Maple Drive*, a 1992 Fox TV movie about a seemingly perfect, secretly megadysfunctional family. Carrey had a supporting role as the oldest sibling, an

guessed he had a single talking-butt joke in him. If the performance has gone largely unrecognized, that's partly due to the film's absence from video—unless you count the 1995 pirated version retitled *Faces in the Mirror*. "One of the zaniest, most outrageous laugh riots ever," boasts the box, which also contains Carrey stand-up and ILC bits. "A store in West Hollywood carried it with a disclaimer," reports *Maple Drive* writer James Duff (Duffy on the packaging), whose script was nominated for an Emmy. "Despite the way it is being marketed, [this] is a sensitive film about a young man coming out. Jim Carrey plays his brother." Fox has no plans for a release; *Maple Drive's* next legit showing comes on cable's Lifetime on Dec. 26. —Tom Russo

■ **TOUCH OF CONFUSION** Even though Universal spent \$300,000 to bring the new, improved *Touch of Evil*—rejiggered to

Orson Welles' original specifications—to theaters this fall, that's not the *Touch* now widely available in a VHS series called "Universal Noir." That edition contains the same old studio-botched cut of the 1958 thriller, and don't expect its studio-botched rerelease to have a long shelf life, since the acclaimed retooled version seems to be heading for video. Its producer, Rick Schmidlin, reports: "They're doing transfers and quality control now. I'm sure it'll be a spring release." —Steve Daly

■ **I SHOT ANDY WARHOL** Filmmaker **Paul Morrissey** is excited that Image Entertainment has finally given a video release to the 1971 absurdist transvestite opus *Women in Revolt*, a product of **Andy Warhol's** Factory, and also to set the record straight on *Women* and other films billed as "Andy Warhol Presents." "Andy was not a director and not a writer," says Morrissey, who last directed 1988's *Spike of Bensonhurst*. "He operated the camera a little bit, and he wasn't even so good at that." Pop goes the legend. —Troy Patterson



CARREY (FAR RIGHT) IN *MAPLE DRIVE*



WARHOL

Everyone's a Critic

When the animals talk in *Dr. Dolittle*, they mostly complain. But when we asked for her top 10 videos, Koko was pretty quick with the opposable thumbs-up. As told to Lois Alter Mark



Anna Paquin's scream of surprise in a shower scene, Koko runs from the TV, then quickly runs back—the equivalent of half-covering your eyes during a horror film.

■ **BABE** "Good that. Good like."

The talking-pig flick is one of Koko's most requested movies.

■ **MARY POPPINS** "Lip there."

■ **WILD** "Boy hurry."

Koko would like this for the t was based on her—but e interested in watching ll of the junk food he can. 1TH STREET (1994) "Good." ris Kringle, who is her ideal lder, silver-haired.

RS' NEIGHBORHOOD: YOU "Koko—love."

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(1967) "Kiss. Kiss animal." he pushmi-pullyu intently.

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S ANIMAL ADVENTURES: LAS, PART 2 "Lights off—

taken with wildlife expert mountain gorillas appear, ve the TV turned off. Is it a lowland gorilla's dis-

Koko isn't saying. ■

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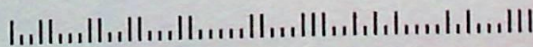
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common language, enjoy version and, like a little to watch it again and again. over-the-top slapstick in the latest Dr. Dolittle makes Koko a little nervous," explains Kevin Connolly of the Gorilla Foundation, the Woodside, Calif., research facility (www.gorilla.org) where she lives. Koko spends much of her day eating and playing with two male gorillas,

which the big... and likes to imitate by jumping a jumpy to freedom by leaping into a pile of blankets. ■ **FLY AWAY HOME** "Hurry that Bird. Lipstick." Lipstick means lipstick, which is something Koko likes. Before



KOKO PUFFS FOR... Richard Attenborough's Kringle, Babe

1940 remake **The Mark of Zorro**, Tyrone Power didn't even try to match Fairbanks' acrobatics. Instead, he elaborated on Zorro's alter ego—the deceptively indolent aristocrat Don Diego—creating a fop whose hankie waving is a comic contrast to Zorro's swordsmanship. Guy Williams was a less effete but no less docile Diego in 1960's **The Sign of Zorro** (cobbled together from the Disney syndicated TV series). But his Zorro was status quo, dispatching the governor's goons with grinning ease.

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FASTFO

The latest from

■ **WHERE'S MAPLE DRIVE** *Show* may have earned Jil Klayton a reputation as an actor, but drama chops before. With *on Maple Drive*, a 1992 Fox drama, a seemingly perfect, dysfunctional family. Supporting role as the



CARREY (FAR RIGHT) IN MAPLE DRIVE

...coming out. Jim Carrey plays the lead. For those who have no plans for a release, *Maple Drive*'s next legit showing comes on cable's Lifetime on Dec. 26. —Tom Russo

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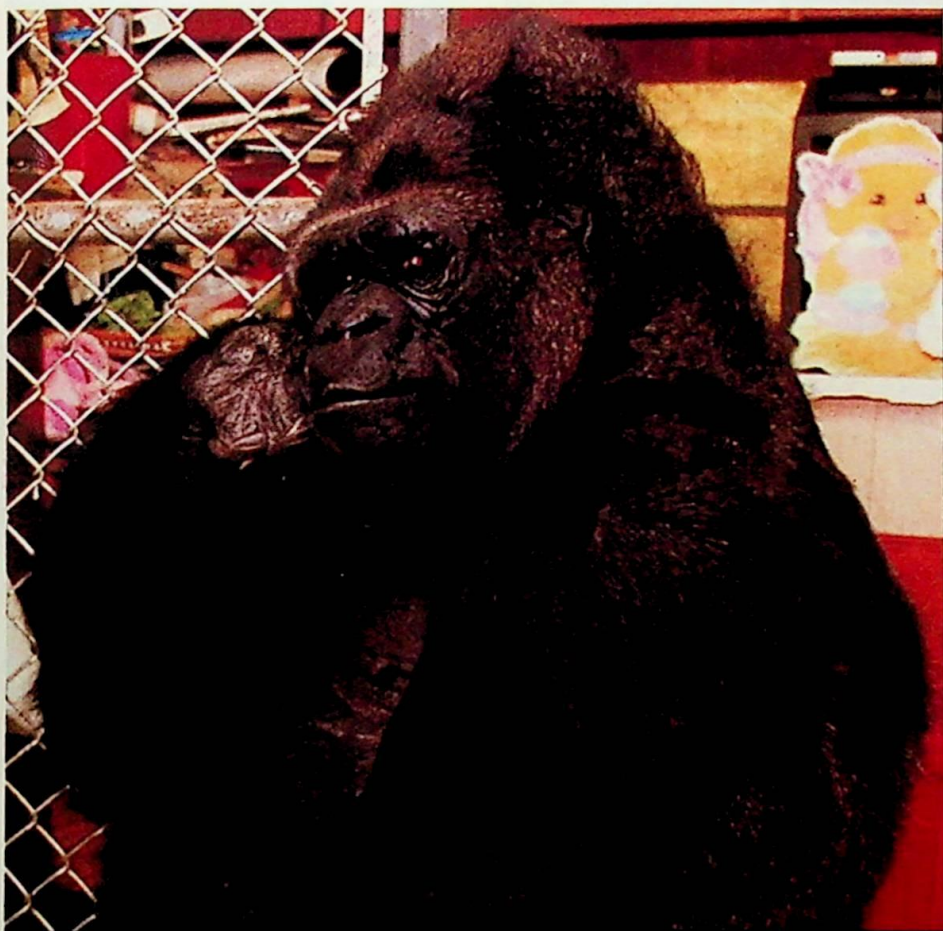
...also to set the record straight on *Women* and other films billed as "Andy Warhol Presents." "Andy was not a director and not a writer," says Morrissey, who last directed 1988's *Spike of Bensonhurst*. "He operated the camera a little bit, and he wasn't even so good at that." Pop goes the legend. —Troy Patterson



WARHOL

Everyone's a Critic

When the animals talk in *Dr. Dolittle*, they mostly complain. But when we asked for her top 10 videos, Koko was pretty quick with the opposable thumbs-up. As told to Lois Alter Mark



THE THINKER For this movie buff, nothing beats a good tape. Except playing with her ape dolls.

IF WE COULD TALK TO THE ANIMALS about Eddie Murphy's *Dr. Dolittle*, we might find it's a bit too frenetic for their tastes. Koko, the 27-year-old western lowland gorilla who communicates by American Sign Language, enjoys the Rex Harrison version and, like a little kid, is happy to watch it again and again. But "the over-the-top slapstick in the latest *Dr. Dolittle* makes Koko a little nervous," explains Kevin Connelly of the Gorilla Foundation, the Woodside, Calif., research facility (www.gorilla.org) where she lives.

Koko spends much of her day eating and playing with two male gorillas,

her toys, and her human companions. Whenever she's indoors, though, she asks to have the VCR on. What does a 300-pound gorilla watch? Here's what she has to say about her favorite videos:

■ **FREE WILLY** "Hurry! Good. Lip."

To Koko, lip means woman. She takes more interest in scenes in which the boy's absent mother is discussed, and likes to imitate Willy jumping a jetty to freedom by leaping into a pile of blankets.

■ **FLY AWAY HOME** "Hurry that. Bird. Lipstick."

Lipstick means lipstick, which is something Koko likes. Before

Anna Paquin's scream of surprise in a shower scene, Koko runs from the TV, then quickly runs back—the equivalent of half-covering your eyes during a horror film.

■ **BABE** "Good that. Good like."

The talking-pig flick is one of Koko's most requested movies.

■ **MARY POPPINS** "Lip there."

■ **BORN TO BE WILD** "Boy hurry."

You'd think Koko would like this for the signing ape that was based on her—but she seems more interested in watching the gorilla eat all of the junk food he can.

■ **MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET** (1994) "Good."

Koko adores Kris Kringle, who is her ideal male—human, older, silver-haired.

■ **MISTER ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD: YOU AND I TOGETHER** "Koko—love."

Koko is particularly fascinated with Mr. Rogers since meeting him. Her silverback gorilla friend Michael calls him "head boy."

■ **DR. DOLITTLE** (1967) "Kiss. Kiss animal."

She watches the pushmi-pullyu intently.

■ **HIDDEN SECRETS OF THE VALLEY** (A travel video from Paradise Television) "Good."

Koko will eventually be moving to a new preserve in Hawaii. She is very interested in tropical flowers. The segment on Maui's restaurants always makes her hungry.

■ **JACK HANNA'S ANIMAL ADVENTURES: UGANDAN GORILLAS, PART 2** "Lights off—gorilla there."

Koko is quite taken with wildlife expert Hanna. When the mountain gorillas appear, Koko asks to have the TV turned off. Is it jealousy or just a lowland gorilla's discomfort? Koko isn't saying. ■



KOKO PUFFS FOR... Richard Attenborough's Kringle, Babe

The Week

Recent Movies

SLIDING DOORS Gwyneth Paltrow, John Hannah, John Lynch, Jeanne Tripplehorn (1998, Paramount, PG-13, \$99.99) Or *Bridget Jones's Chaos Theory*, merging a Cool Britannia women's sitcom and the Philosophy Lite of parallel realities. Paltrow, an unemployed London publicist, takes the tube home to catch her novelist boyfriend shagging an American harpy, then dumps him, gets a fab hairdo, starts her own PR firm, and hooks up with a new duplicitous guy. And she also misses the train, gets mugged, then sul-

lenly waits tables, a morally conflicted boyfriend still surreptitiously shagging throughout. The story is hackneyed, and the gimmick only doubles the dullardry. On the other hand, a small sadistic joy adheres to watching patrician Paltrow's downtrodden flack treated like a doormat. **C** —Troy Patterson

LITTLE BOY BLUE Ryan Phillippe, Nastassja Kinski, John Savage (1998, Warner, R, \$103.99) A tormented teen (*Dawson's Creek*'s Phillippe) struggles to survive, psychically and physically, in a white-trash Texas home ruled by an ogre (Sav-



SNAKE IN THE GRASS *Blue's* Savage (left) stalks kin Kinski and Phillippe

age brings nerve-rattling intensity to the role) and infested with sexual depravity. Given its squalid material, *Blue* might have amounted to little more than a Jerry Springeresque freak show. But scripter Michael Boston and director Antonio Tibaldi have given it the darkest and most mesmerizing qualities of a dream, creating a Brothers Grimm tale that substitutes a hovel on the bleak Southwestern prairie for a lonely hut in the Black Forest. **A-** —David Everett

HURRICANE STREETS Brendan Sexton III, Shawn Elliott (1997, MGM, R, \$99.99) Directed by Morgan J. "no, not him, another one, hence the middle initial" Freeman, this harmless zephyr of a tale about the travails of a tough-yet-sensitive kid named Marcus, the leader of a gang of penny-ante teenage thieves in NYC's East Village, aims for street-smart urban angst but sounds one hokey note after another; it's typical of the film's lack of subtlety that it highlights Marcus' emotional fragility by making him asthmatic. Sexton, so memorably sullen in *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, is reduced to downcast glances and sub-Brandoesque mumbling. That said, the picture did win three awards at Sundance '97, including the direction and audience prizes, so individual wind resistance may vary. **C-** —Mike D'Angelo

JOHNNY SKIDMARKS Peter Gallagher, John Lithgow, Frances McDormand (1998, Columbia TriStar, R, \$94.99) Peter Gallagher as a sleazy, soulless shutterbug—tough to argue with that casting. As he snaps police photos of murder victims and moonlights as a motel-room blackmailer, he projects a deplorable apathy few other actors could accomplish. Sadly, this neo-noir spins its wheels over a plot—Gallagher must



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Sophomoric Scopophiliacs

The latest *Bare Facts Video Guide*—a Baedeker of nude scenes—includes new entries, from Joey Lauren Adams in *Mallrats* to Elsa Zylberstein in *Farinelli*.

find out who's offing his partners in blackmail—paved with unconvincing red herrings. Then the film slides into a climax fit only for a *Friday the 13th* sequel. **C-** —DE

Recent TV

MORE TALES OF THE CITY Laura Linney, Olympia Dukakis, Swoosie Kurtz, Thomas Gibson (1998, A-Pix, unrated, three volumes, \$99.98) A kind of literary *Melrose Place*, Showtime's further adaptation of Armistead Maupin's novel asks to be devoured in one six-hour binge. Highlights of the ensemble include Linney as an Ohio-bred ingenue losing herself in late-'70s San Francisco, Dukakis as the Earth Mother den mother of her apartment building, and the singular Parker Posey as a bubbly Scientologist. **B+** —TP

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Music

ROOTS OF RAP: SUGAR HILL RECORDS (1998, Rhino, unrated, \$12.98) A half-hour sampler of old-school antics, *Roots* unearths some crumbily produced clips by Melle Mel, the Sugar Hill Gang, and Grandmaster Flash, Ur-B-boys who created a funk so furious that the Beastie Boys still stay current by giving it props. The styles on display—South Bronx street fashion, disco tackiness, Egyptomania flash—are a tickling dispatch from Planet Rock. Laughs aside, the rhythms make the body rock. **B** —TP

DVD

DANCES WITH WOLVES Kevin Costner, Mary McDonnell (1990, Orion, PG-13, \$29.98) Costner's Oscar-winning directorial debut—attacked during its making and now seen as precursor to his last few bloated epics—gets a suitably ungilded treatment. The THX-approved transfer does justice to the thundering buffalo and John Barry's majestic score. The only bonus is the exemplary audio

commentary from Costner and producer Jim Wilson, who flavor the drama of making the movie on a \$15 million budget with some fine anecdotes (a charging buffalo in one shot is actually rushing toward the Oreo cookies that it loves) as well as earnest respect for the Native American actors and crew. Movie and extras: **B+** —Michael Giltz

Also Released

Rainy day fun: **DR. SEUSS CLASSICS** (1998, CBS, unrated, two volumes, \$12.98 each) brings us the animated anarchy of *The Cat in the Hat* et al., by way of producer Chuck Jones.... Don't be offended that **FALLING FIRE** (1997, New Horizons, R, \$59.98) is a derivative asteroid thriller—it predates *Armageddon*—be offended by its jaw-droppingly inept effects.... The Oscar-winning short **TREVOR** (1994, Water Bear, unrated, \$14.95) is an affectionate, unsentimental tale about a teen coming of age and out of the closet. —TP

>> More reviews in EW Special Edition at www.ew.com <<

RENT CHECK

"The Jolson Story [1946, Columbia TriStar, unrated, \$19.95] with Larry Parks. I was doing research for a number in the play *Putting It Together* I'm doing, and I thought it would be schlocky and manipulative. But I ended up crying all the way through." —Slappy and the Stinkers' BRONSON PINCHOT

▼ **"Blue** [1993, Miramax, R, \$19.99], with Juliette Binoche. It broke my heart." —The Practice's LARA FLYNN BOYLE



THE CHARTS

'ARMAGEDDON' JIGGY

DESPITE A rare Friday (the 13th) release date, which put it 72 hours behind the competition, *Armageddon* scared up some serious business. Its 60 copies sold per store launched it into a rarefied atmosphere generally reserved for animated Disney films. The video's easy rentability (a staggering 29 copies on the average rental shelf) helped the Michael Bay-Jerry Bruckheimer eschatological action movie to debut with two-thirds more business than *Deep Impact*, last month's menacing-collision flick—and to do it in a fraction of the time.



STARS AND STRIPES Liv Tyler and Ben Affleck hang in

TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK			WEEKS ON CHART
1	—	ARMAGEDDON Bruce Willis, Touchstone	1
2	1	GODZILLA Matthew Broderick, Columbia TriStar	2
3	—	SMALL SOLDIERS Phil Hartman, DreamWorks	1
4	2	HOPE FLOATS Sandra Bullock, Fox	4
5	3	DEEP IMPACT Téa Leoni, Paramount	3
6	—	THE HORSE WHISPERER Robert Redford, Touchstone	1
7	4	A PERFECT MURDER Gwyneth Paltrow, Warner	6
8	6	CITY OF ANGELS Nicolas Cage, Warner	9
9	9	BLACK DOG Patrick Swayze, Universal	5
10	7	MERCURY RISING Bruce Willis, Universal	8

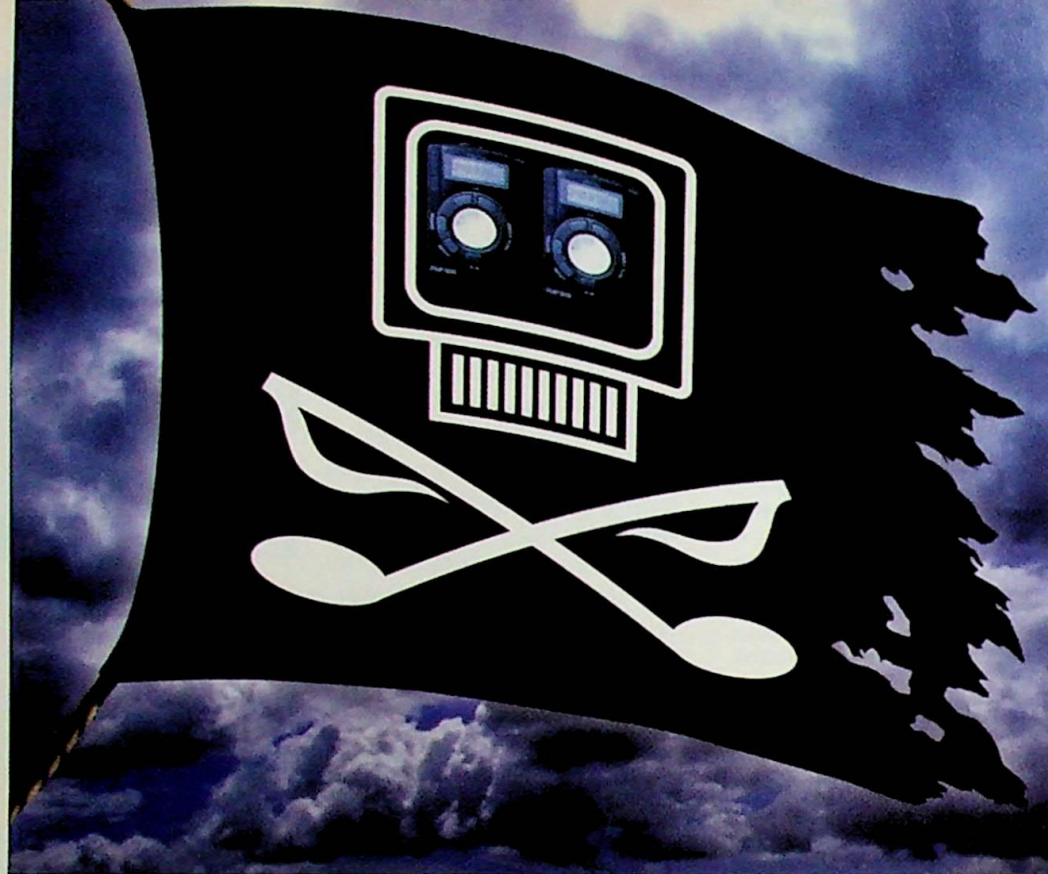
TAPE SALES

1	—	ARMAGEDDON Bruce Willis, Touchstone, \$22.99	1
2	—	SMALL SOLDIERS Phil Hartman, DreamWorks, \$22.99	1
3	1	GODZILLA Matthew Broderick, Columbia TriStar, \$19.98	2
4	2	THE LION KING II: SIMBA'S PRIDE Animated, Walt Disney, \$26.99	3
5	3	GONE WITH THE WIND Vivien Leigh, MGM, \$19.95	3
6	4	CATS Elaine Paige, PolyGram, \$24.95	3
7	5	TITANIC Leonardo DiCaprio, Paramount, \$22.99	11
8	6	THE X-FILES Gillian Anderson, Fox, \$22.98	5
9	7	HOPE FLOATS Sandra Bullock, Fox, \$19.98	4
10	—	BILLBOARD DAD Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, Warner, \$19.96	1

DIRECT-TO-TAPE RENTALS

1	1	THE LION KING II: SIMBA'S PRIDE Animated, Walt Disney	2
2	2	CASPER MEETS WENDY George Hamilton, Fox	7
3	3	ADDAMS FAMILY REUNION Daryl Hannah, Warner	7
4	—	RICHEL RICH'S CHRISTMAS WISH David Gallagher, Warner	1
5	4	POCAHONTAS II: JOURNEY TO A NEW WORLD Animated, Walt Disney	11
6	5	PHANTASM: OBLIVION A. Michael Baldwin, Orion	4
7	—	DENNIS THE MENACE STRIKES AGAIN Justin Cooper, Warner	16
8	7	MILO Jennifer Jostyn, Sterling	5
9	10	NEVER 2 BIG Ernie Hudson, Artisan	4
10	9	THE GODSON Rodney Dangerfield, Sterling	5

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 15, 1998
DIRECT-TO-TAPE RENTALS: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 8, 1998



'I Want My MP3'

A new format lets any dorm-room Netnik download and duplicate music. But the record industry doesn't want to hear it. **by Chris Willman**

REMEMBER THAT GREAT '70s music-industry slogan, "Home taping is killing music"? Needless to say, the art form didn't buy the farm, despite the fact that just about every pop fan above the poverty level ended up buying a cassette deck. So why does the music biz have its collective knickers in a twist over the online dissemination of tunes?

Until now, pirating provided minimal temptation; even hackers preferred paying 18 bucks for the latest Dave Matthews Band album over wasting hours downloading tinny counterfeit songs for free. But significant advances in sound files—chiefly the compression technology known as

MP3—have resulted in an underground online swap mart that is growing exponentially, especially on college campuses. Want the complete—and completely illegal—Beatles in one humongous file? It's probably out there, if you know where to look.

As long as MP3 tunes could be played only on computers, the music industry held back, pushing alternative technologies like the current Liquid Audio and a2b music formats—both of which (surprise) make copying extremely difficult. But when Diamond Multimedia announced plans to sell a pager-size portable device that can play back MP3 files anywhere you

can take a Walkman, the Recording Industry Association of America leaped into attack mode, suing the company on Oct. 16. Surprisingly, after granting a restraining order, a federal judge decided last month that Diamond's \$200 Rio PMP 300 player could go on sale before Thanksgiving after all, though an RIAA appeal ensures further court action.

"I'm not being a Chicken Little about this," says RIAA president and CEO Hilary Rosen. "We're just saying that if you can imagine a single person in an apartment or dorm room uploading a song or al-

bum onto a bulletin board that will then get 20,000 or 50,000 downloads a week, that person can end up having the same effect as pirates in China's manufacturing plants, unwittingly."

What the industry wants, says Rosen, are "technical standards that protect artists' rights." That means introducing technology into MP3 files so they can't be copied more than once, or at all. "The music industry's natural reaction is to put bigger and bigger locks on it," says Michael Robertson, president of MP3.com (www.mp3.com), the premier site for MP3 players and (legal) sound files. "There's not one example on the Net of any lock-and-key system having any success. It didn't work with software, didn't work with newsprint, and it's not gonna work with music." Says Rosen: "The thing about music versus software—not that it's okay to pirate software—is that there's only one version of *Born to Run*. They're not going to come out next year with *Born to Run 2.0*."

Diamond marketing director Lorraine Comstock says RIAA's fears are "obviously a legitimate concern" but adds, "I've done searches on Yahoo!, and it looks to me like they've done a good job shutting down illicit MP3 sites.... But MP3 itself is great for independent artists.... I think [the suit] is a stalling tactic.... [Some of the major labels] aren't ready to enter the market." But when kids take their new Rios to the ski slopes come Christmas, will they be playing their local garage band or bootleg Garbage? One thing is increasingly clear: Legally or illicitly, the music buffs of tomorrow will be born to run rock & roll through their PCs. ■

>> Hotlink to The Web Guide at www.ew.com <<

NEW

This week

CD-ROM//PLAY WITH THE TUBBIES (*Knowledge Adventure*, for PC, \$30) Though one can argue that screaming and pointing at the TV screen constitutes interactivity, the novelty of truly playing hide-and-seek with the Tubbies (e.g., spotting Dipsy behind a

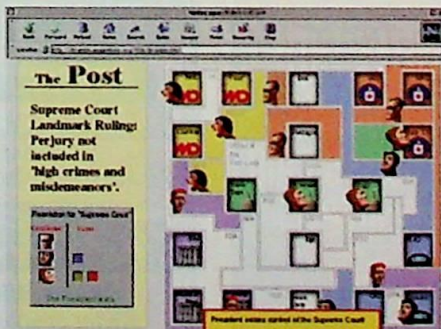
tree and clicking a sparkling cursor on him) has the potential to send young fans into giddy fits. Still, as infuriating as the show is for anyone over 4 (if that), mommies and daddies can at least be assured that Tinky Winky, Laa-Laa, Po, and the rest of the gang will sign off after half an hour. No such luck with the CD-ROM, in which kids theoretically can spend 24-7 finding Po's scooter, making Tubby toast, chasing the Noo-noo, and banging on the magic drum—then do each exercise again and again and again. "Time for Tubby bye-bye!" has never sounded so sweet. **B** —Gary Eng Walk

PLAYING POLITICS ONLINE

Washington, PC

EVERYONE HAS WEIGHED IN ON THE PRESIDENTIAL scandal—except, it seems, you. Now you can do more than wag your tongue: Once you download the free software from 2AM's website (www.2am.com), you're ready to play **Capitol Affairs**, a new online multiplayer game in which two to five players at a time assume the roles of the Democrats, Republicans, CIA, media, or "the President" himself (sorry, there are no Monicas). The goal: to slowly gain control over the White House, Senate, House Judiciary Committee, and other squares on the online board by building alliances with fellow players in chat areas and via secret e-mail interactions.

The game "can go in any direction," says Eli Ehrman, president of 2AM, which is relying on ad revenues to turn a profit. "The President might be impeached or he might get all charges dropped." Regardless of your politics, you'll need a PC-based system and real political savvy: "You don't have to lie, but it's the powers of persuasion and human interaction that really make a difference," says Ehrman. Unfortunately, the public's Zippergate burnout seems to have carried over to cyberspace: We haven't been able to locate a single other player anytime we've logged on. —James Oliver Cury



CYBERTALK

IT'S A NO-GO

▲ **"It's just** a set. So we use the real bathrooms... but if we had to go in there, it wouldn't work for me."

—Ally McBeal's CALISTA FLOCKHART on the show's unisex bathroom, on Entertainment Tonight Online

"There's a lot of fetish materials that come directly from these stories that would be neat to make. Somebody once said that maybe it would be a good thing to sell Q-Tips and crime-scene tape from real crime scenes. That's how crazy it's gotten." —LANCE HENRIKSEN on potential merchandising tie-ins for his show, *Millennium*, on TVgen

"I don't know what to say except I hope they're all 100 percent correct." —ROBERT DOWNEY JR. on the tendency of costars to refer to him as a genius, on Entertainment Tonight Online

"Yeah, it's an unusual way to live. I'm adjusting to it quite well." —HUNTER S. THOMPSON on being a cult figure, on BigStar.com

"That everybody could have access to really good red wine. And that everybody could have access to a good shrink." —TORI AMOS on how she'd like to change the world, on E! Online

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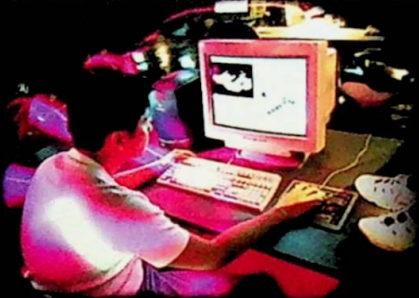
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A SUPERMODEL AND A GENTLEMAN Crawford and Gere's marriage suffered under the strain of public scrutiny

Shifting Geres

ENCORE

A beautiful relationship ended four years ago when Cindy Crawford and Richard Gere split. by Matthew McCann Fenton

WHEN CINDY CRAWFORD AND RICHARD GERE told the world on Dec. 1, 1994, they were separating, they surprised almost no one. Their private troubles had become very public months earlier, on May 6, when one of the world's most gossiped-about couples took out a strange

ad in *The Times* of London proclaiming, among other things, "We are heterosexual and monogamous and...reports of a divorce are totally false."

Paying tens of thousands of dollars to announce that they

were still "very married" was a long way from Crawford and Gere's glam-fantasy beginning three years earlier. On Dec. 12, 1991, they had impulsively flown to Las Vegas and exchanged rings of aluminum

foil. Almost immediately, there were rumors that both partners were really gay and that the marriage was a sham.

It was a difficult union: The movie star and supermodel were constantly working in different parts of the world and apparently had to check in with secretaries to find out what was going on in each other's lives. By the time they put their \$5 million-plus Bel Air mansion on the market, they had reportedly never spent a single night together in the house.

But they do appear to have

spent a few nights with other people. Gere was reported to be romancing Uma Thurman. By August of '94, Crawford was telling *Vanity Fair* that Gere didn't understand her career, and she had been spotted on the town (and photographed in the back of a limousine) with actor John Enos. She had also been seen without her wedding ring. And just days before the announcement, the notoriously jealous Gere was said to have squared off against Sylvester Stallone and accused him of putting the moves on Crawford. (Said Stallone at the time, "It was the most bizarre thing I've ever experienced.")

The breakup was announced when Gere finished filming *First Knight* in London and was back in New York. A joint statement described their decision as "personal and painful."

Within a month, the resilient Crawford was spotted moving clothes into the apartment of an old boyfriend, trendy bar proprietor Rande Gerber. In the years since, Gere has been linked with a variety of beautiful women (including former Bond girl Carey Lowell) but has insisted that he has no plans to get married. Crawford, who wed Gerber last May, described her divorce from Gere as "like saying goodbye to that 22-year-old innocence I had that life was going to be perfect." ■

time capsule / dec. 1, 1994

AT THE MOVIES, *Star Trek Generations*, a transitional *Trek* featuring the classic series' William Shatner as well as the cast of *The Next Generation*, opens in first place at the box office. In 1998, Shatner would host the Sci-Fi Channel's series of restored old *Trek* epi-



sodes. *Star Trek: Insurrection*, the ninth *Trek* flick, would be scheduled for release Dec. 11. **AT BOOKSTORES**, spiritual adventure is all the rage as James Redfield's *The Celestine Prophecy* sits at No. 2 on the *Publishers Weekly* fiction best-seller list. *Celestine* would spawn a New Age mini-Indus-

try including 1996's *The Tenth Insight* and '97's *The Celestine Vision*. **AND IN THE NEWS**, supercouple Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley (left) deny rumors of a split. Presley would eventually file for divorce in 1996. Jackson would go on to marry Debbie Rowe, and have two kids. —MMF

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